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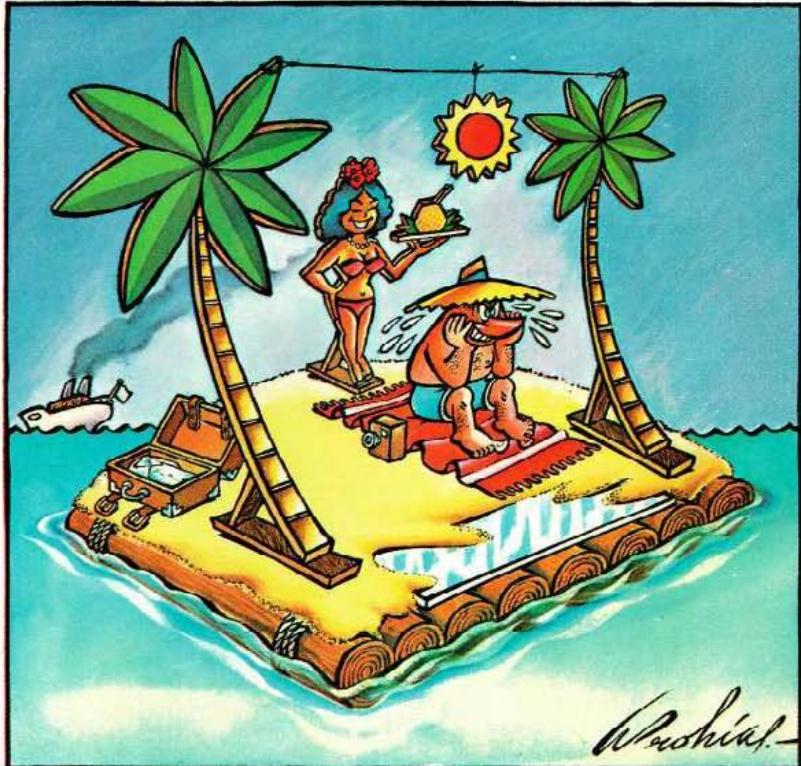
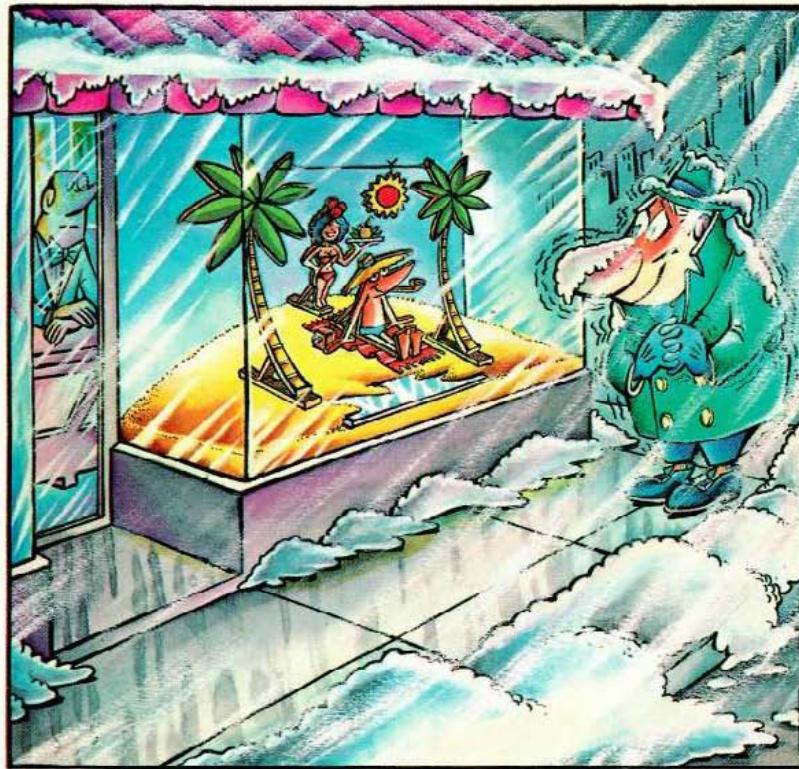
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"Marriage is like a bath; once you're into it and you've gotten used to it, it's not so hot!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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the usual gang of idiots

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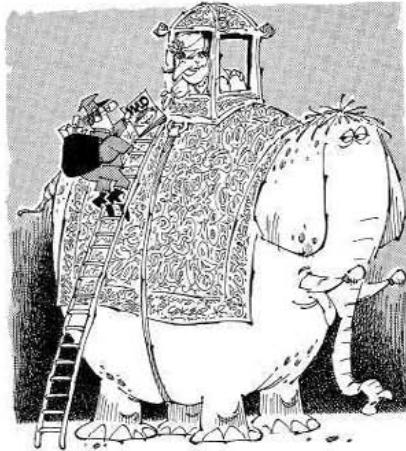
YOU KNOW
YOU'RE
DIVORCED
WHEN...
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Yep, this full-color portrait of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-He-Worry?" kid—suitable for framing or lining bird cages—is rated "GP" . . . (Guaranteed Pollutant)! It's worse on your eyes than smog! So join those contributing to "air pollution", "water pollution" and "noise pollution" with MAD's "visual pollution"! Order yours now! Send 25¢ for one, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 9, \$2.00 for 27 or \$4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

LETTERS DEPT.



THE TRAUMA OF '42

"The Trauma Of '42" was really superb! My compliments to Mort Drucker for the fantastic art work, and especially to Stan Hart for the realistic ending.

Michael Ginther
Marshall University
Huntington, W. Va.

Although I usually laugh myself sick at your movie satires, I was plain sickened by your job on "Summer Of '42." Stan Hart took a beautifully intimate story and turned it into an apparent piece of smut. The final punch line was still hilarious and Mort Drucker is a genius.

John Michaelis
Carson, Calif.

Your "Summer Of '42" version is a work of genius. Thanks to you I really socked it to my parents about when they were kids. Now I got to stay in my Kleenex box for a week. (*whisper, whisper, whisper*)

Barry Blakely
Miami, Fla.

Stan Hart's fantastic satire "The Trauma Of '42" answered my question why my parents wouldn't take me to see the movie. They wouldn't want me to tell *their* parents that they had been to an R rated movie!

Bill Chasey
Phoenix, Ariz.

One of the funniest scenes in the movie was the drugstore scene. Writer Stan Hart made the same scene hilariously funny and even better.

Larry Roth
Rego Park, N.Y.

In your satire, "Trauma Of '42," in the third frame, you show some girls wearing bikinis. This is incorrect, since the bikini was not introduced until after the atomic explosion on Bikini, for which it was named. In 1942, no one had hardly heard of the atom.

John Kleeberg
New York, N.Y.

Do we tell you how to outfit your flashback sequences . . . ?—Ed.

I must admit being satirized in MAD was both a shock and a thrill to me, thanks to Mort Drucker and Stan Hart. "Summer Of '42" was my first movie of note and I hope to see myself on your pages again.

Jerry "Husky" Houser
Studio City, Calif.

IF "PEANUTS" AGED . . .

I thought your satire on the Peanuts characters was funnier than the stuff I read in the newspaper every day. Peanuts at the age of 19 is much more relative than all the strips about footballs and kite-eating trees put together.

Joni Hulman
Rockville, Md.

DEAR "MAD",
I LIKED YOUR
PEANUTS STRIPS. WHY
DON'T YOU GUYS TAKE
OVER THE WHOLE THING,
AND I'LL QUIT?

SCHULZ

WHAT?!
ME
WORRY?

You ridicule Charles M. Schulz and ask him to "wise up" by letting his characters age. I haven't noticed your superstar, Alfred E. Neuman, getting any older. What's the catch?

J. Paul Johns
Houston, Texas

SOCKO BACK COVERS

Why is it your most pointed satire always is to be found on the *back cover*?

Carol Hodes
George Washington U.
Washington, D.C.

CONGRESSIONAL OFF-THE-RECORD

If your "Congressional Off-The-Record" were the official publication, you can be certain there'd be more Political Science majors than there are now.

Mark Parker
Ohio State U.
Columbus, Ohio

Your "Congressional Off-The-Record" reminds me of the fools that are elected to office in my own community.

Jonathan Stein
New York, N.Y.

FACE SAVING DEVICE?

I would like to thank your brilliant and heroic publication for saving my life. Unbelievable? My mother was driving me home and I was reading her a satire you guys did on one of Liz & Dick's flicks. We got into a three car collision and my head went into the windshield. I got six stitches. If I hadn't been reading your magazine, I would have done serious damage to my face and neck.

Nannette Filler
Paradise Valley, Ariz.

MESSY'S THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE

Last night I had insomnia. I got up and read your "Messy's Thanksgiving Day Parade." I was so bored I fell asleep. Thank you.

Barbara Stutz
Chico, Calif.

I was greatly dismayed... appalled... by the scornful treatment accorded to the entire concept of marching bands in your investigation of the "Messy's Thanksgiving Day Parade." Such frivolity, which unfortunately passes as humor, is totally out of keeping with the amount of hard work, sacrifice, and dedication involved in the consistently high level of quality of every serious marching unit. And, only someone who had never seen a marching band would include in the ranks a marching bassoonist.

Bobbi H. Cohen
Newtown Square, Pa.

RHYMING GUIDE TO PRO FOOTBALL

In reply to "MAD's Rhyming Guide To Pro Football," here's a rhyme for Mr. Jacobs...

You call Fred Cox a "flabby blob,"
Even though he does the job.
Do not insult him any more
Or the Purple Gang will be at your door.
Larsen, Marshall, Eller and Page
Will use you in a practice Quarterback Rage!
Cuzzo will heave you into the wild blue
Then Snead will get a chance at you.
At the end, with a smile,
Fred will boot you half a mile...

D. Cassaro
Minneapolis, Minn.
(where else?)

I think your "Rhyming Guide To Pro Football" is great. It was really funny, too, as the game is not all that brutal. I happen to play football on a *Junior High* team. It's really cool. The snap of the ball, the smash of bodies, the plucking of teeth from your forearm, it's great.

Edward Stoken
Texarkana, Texas

Ed "Smasher" Stoken, Coach Darrell Royal of the University of Texas wants you... now!

—Ed.

RENEWAL OF FAITH

I am most impressed and gratified by the considerate statement on your MAD subscription renewal card: *We will not supply your name to list-renter, mail-order advertisers, and we will not annoy you with additional re-subscription literature. This will be your only notice!* I'm delighted to know you keep subscribers' addresses out of the hands of mail-order companies and similar junk-mailers, especially since it is a universal practice to sell mailing lists to other firms.

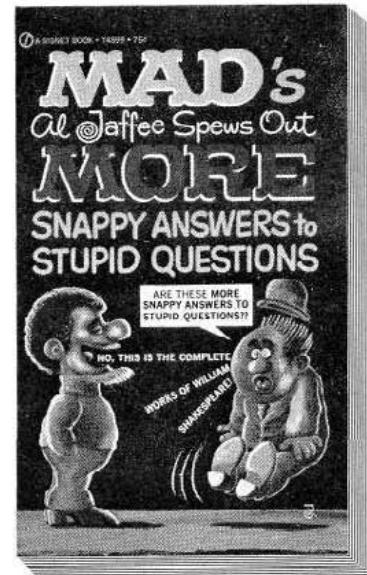
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BIG TIME OPERETTA DEPT.

In recent years, MAD has published musicals featuring such way-out characters as mobsters, hippies, student rioters and Barbra Streisand. Now we'd like to present a musical featuring the most far-out characters of all, namely Dick, Pat, Spiro, Henry, Martha and all the other zany cut-ups who wander around that crazy executive mansion down in Washington, D.C. Which is as good a way as any of introducing . . .

THE WHITE HOUSE FOLLIES OF 1972

(With Apologies To Gilbert & Sullivan)

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Mr. President, before we begin our Cabinet meeting, we'd all like to hear the stirring, heart-warming story of your life in politics, and the amazing secret of your great success!

As if we hadn't heard it six times this month already!

Good old Spiro—sucking up to the Boss again!

For this, I had to give up a safe seat in Congress!

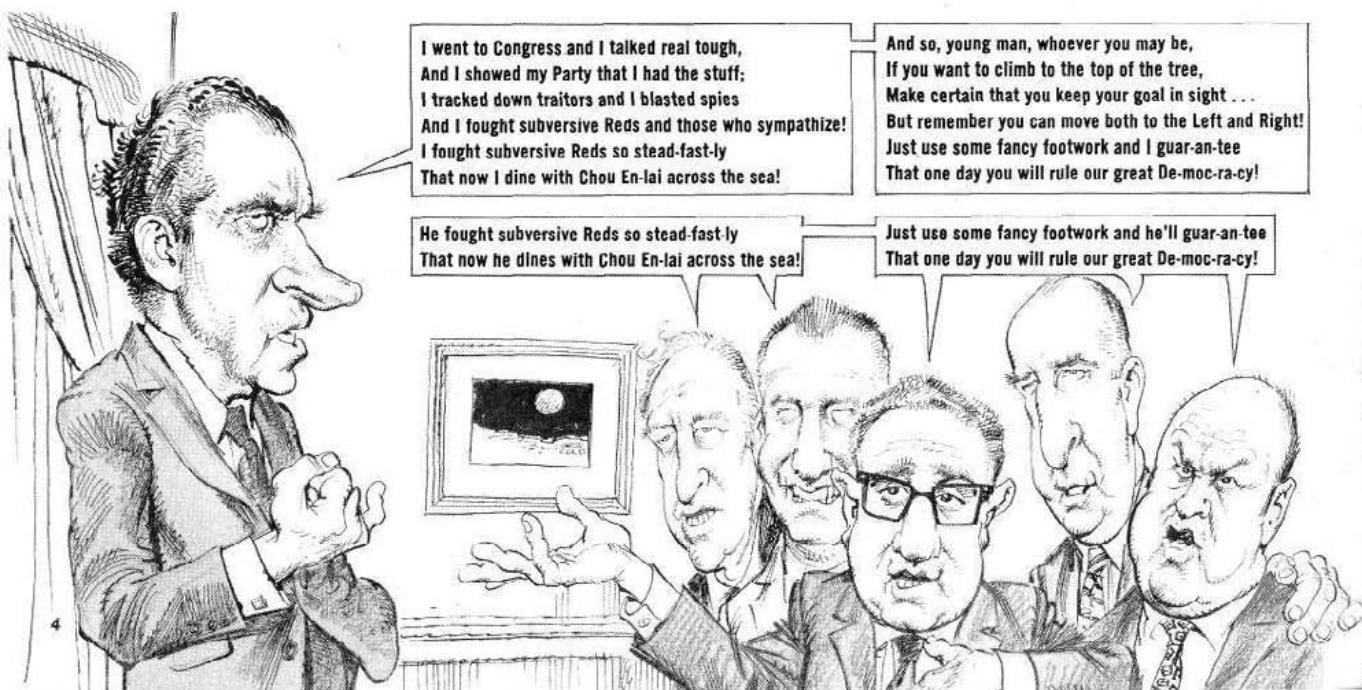


I went to Congress and I talked real tough,
And I showed my Party that I had the stuff;
I tracked down traitors and I blasted spies
And I fought subversive Reds and those who sympathize!
I fought subversive Reds so steadfast-ly
That now I dine with Chou En-lai across the sea!

And so, young man, whoever you may be,
If you want to climb to the top of the tree,
Make certain that you keep your goal in sight . . .
But remember you can move both to the Left and Right!
Just use some fancy footwork and I guar-an-tee
That one day you will rule our great De-moc-ra-cy!

He fought subversive Reds so steadfast-ly
That now he dines with Chou En-lai across the sea!

Just use some fancy footwork and he'll guar-an-tee
That one day you will rule our great De-moc-ra-cy!



Thank you,
Spiro! You
can stop
groveling
now! Well,
gentlemen,
to begin
with . . .

*When I was a lad, I learned the score
As a grocer's helper in my father's store,
I packed potatoes and I stacked each can,
And I came to know the problems of the working man;
I came to know his problems so ex-pert-ly
That now the Unions call me a ca-tas-tro-phe!

I went to college where I worked my way,
Then I joined a law firm where I earned my pay;
I grew successful and I showed much pluck,
And I understood the value of the U.S. buck;
I understood its value so tho-rough-ly
That last year I devalued all our cur-ren-cy!

He came to know their problems so ex-pert-ly
That now the Unions call him a ca-tas-tro-phe!

He understood its value so tho-rough-ly
That last year he devalued all our cur-ren-cy!



That was
a truly
inspiring
message,
Sir!

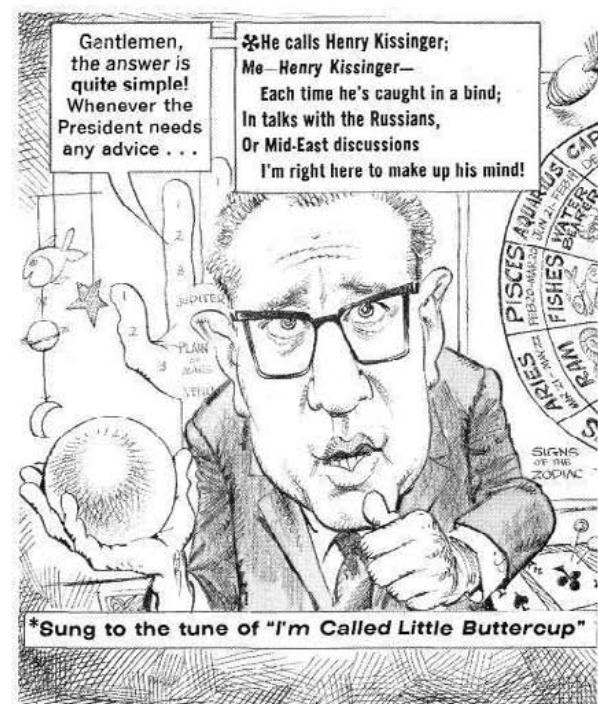
Actually, the song
wasn't my idea! It
came from my most
trusted advisor,
Henry Kissinger!

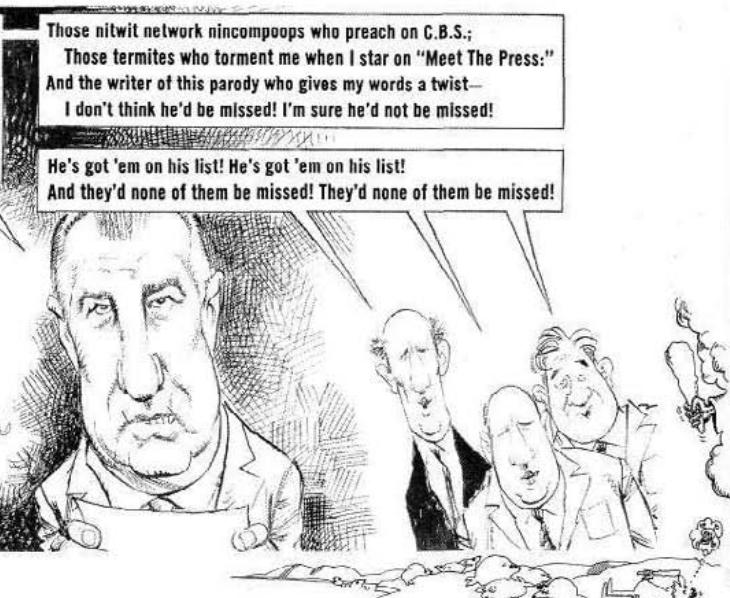
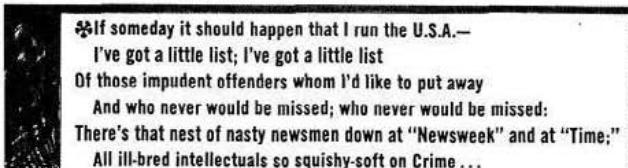
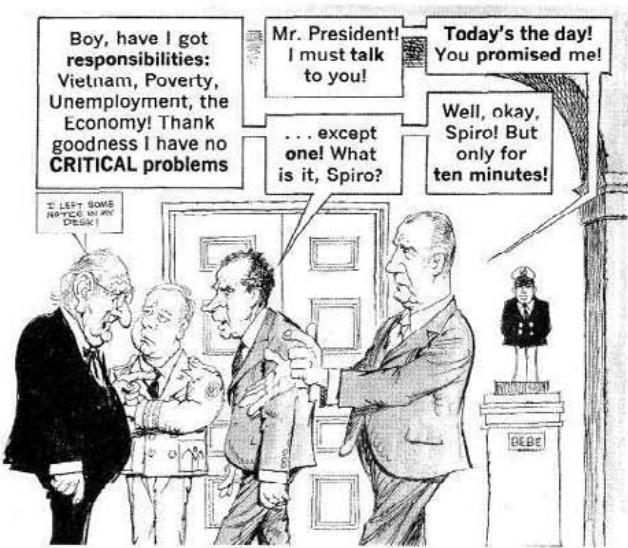
Kissinger again!
We're his Cabinet!
You'd think Dick
would ask our
advice sometime!

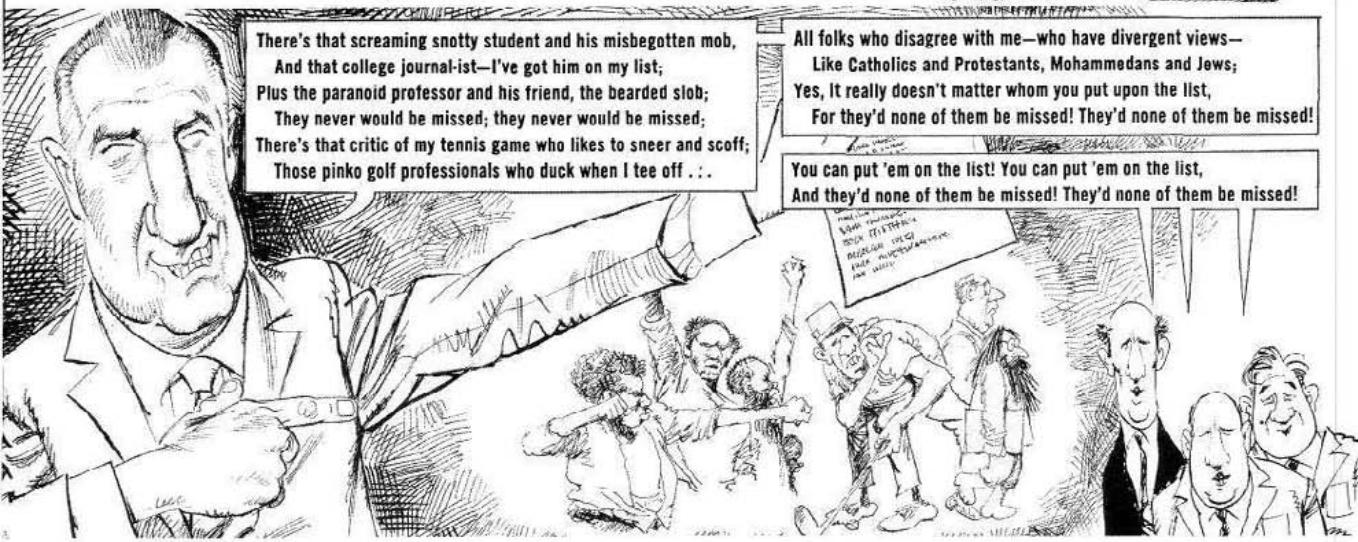
Kissinger's
got some weird
power over him!
I wish I could
figure it out!

Gentlemen,
the answer is
quite simple!
Whenever the
President needs
any advice . . .

*He calls Henry Kissinger;
Me—Henry Kissinger—
Each time he's caught in a bind;
In talks with the Russians,
Or Mid-East discussions
I'm right here to make up his mind!





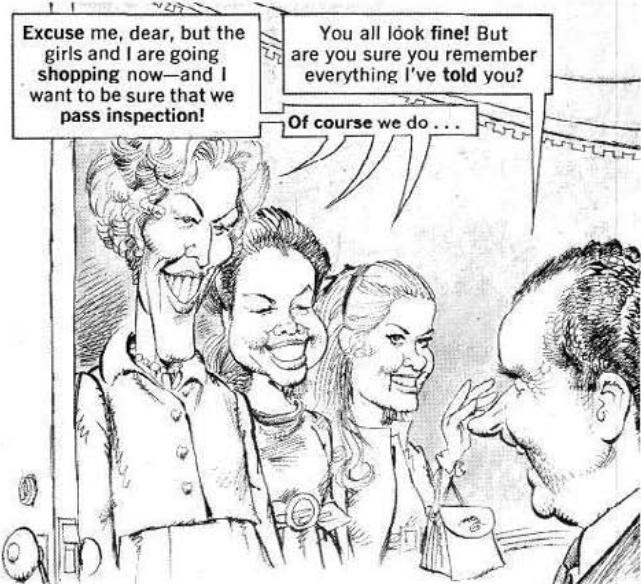
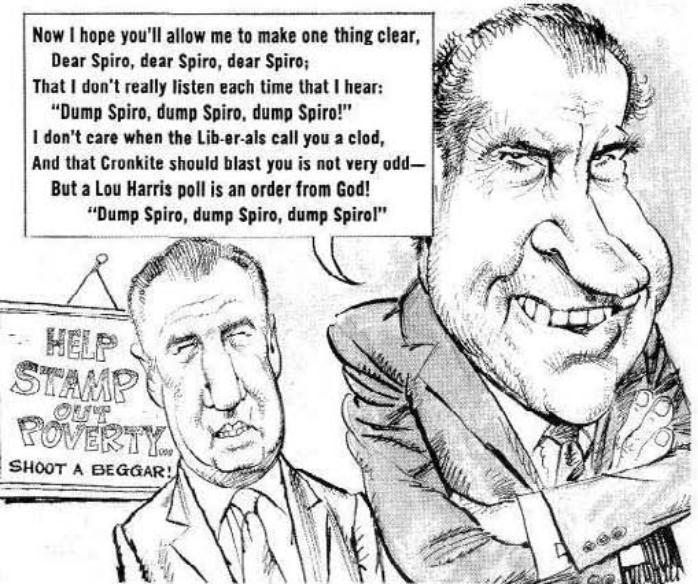


Spiro, there's something you should know . . .

On a chair in my office, Lou Harris told me:
"Dump Spiro, dump Spiro, dump Spiro!"
And I said to him, "Louie, why should I agree
"To dump Spiro, dump Spiro, dump Spiro?"
"All the grown-ups adore him when Hippies he scolds,
"And the Legion's impressed when the flag he upholds;"
Louie said, "There are votes now for 18-year olds!"
"Dump Spiro, dump Spiro, dump Spiro!"



*Sung to the tune of "Titwillow"



*Three little Nixon wives are we,
Dressed as a Nixon wife should be,
Straight out of 1953!—Oh!
Three little Nixon wives . . .

We look prim
in a
knee-length gown!

We never read
Helen Gurley
Brown!

Women's Lib's
an improper
noun!

Three little Nixon wives!—Oh!



Three little wives, here's where you'll find them,
Trained by our men to always mind them;
That's why we walk three steps behind them!
Three little Nixon wives . . .
Three little NIX-on wives!

One Nixon wife
wed a man with
power!

One made the
White House her
bridal bower!

One grabbed the
grandson of
Eisenhower!

Three little Nixon wives!



*Sung to the tune of "Three Little Maids From School Are We"

Three little wives, here's
where you'll find them,
Trained by their men to
always mind them;
That's why we walk three
steps behind them!
Three little NIX-on wives!

What a nice trio they
make! Of course, I'd be
happier if Tricia didn't
wear those daring
form-fitting gloves!

Oh, Mr. President, sir!

And I worry
about Julie
revealing her
bare wrist!

Excuse me, Mr.
President, sir!

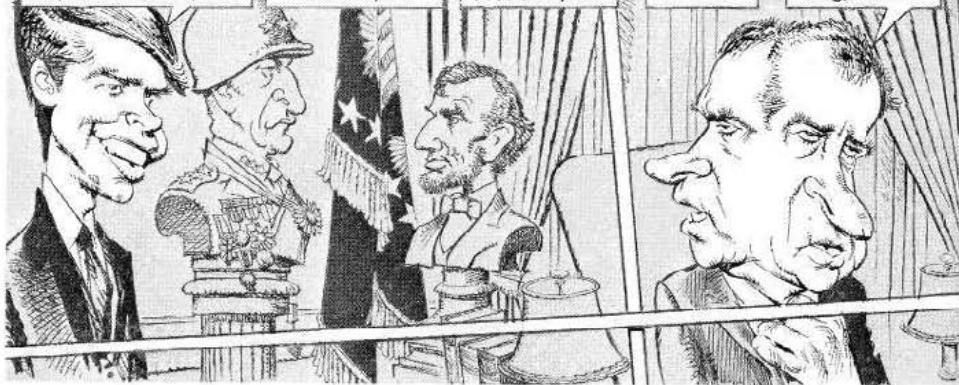
And sometimes
I think Pat's
snood is a bit
too radical!

Please, Mr.
President, sir!

Oh, it's
you, David!

Is it
time for
my song,
yet, sir?

It's time for
SOMETHING
in this musical
to appeal to
the younger
generation!
Sing, David!!



*I'm called David Eisenhower—
Son-in-law Eisenhower—
Making the scene coolly dressed;
My gear is quite daring;
You'll note that I'm wearing
A very loud black suit and vest!

I'm flipped over Julie,
Which may seem unruly;
In truth, we are both very hip;
We think every movie
By Disney is groovy,
And when we go dancing we dip!

I hope it won't leak out
That sometimes we freak out
From all those "New Sounds" of today;
My mind I am blowing
'Cause next week I'm going
With Julie to hear Johnny Ray

I'm called David Eisenhower—
"Cool David" Eisenhower—
That's what the Nixons both say;
My status is growing
Like, man, 'cause they're knowing
I speak for the youth of today!



*Reprise to the tune of "I'm Called Little Buttercup"

David's such a vibrant personality! Hmml I AM looking for a new Vice-President! It sure would make a keen ticket: **NIXON and EISENHOWER!**

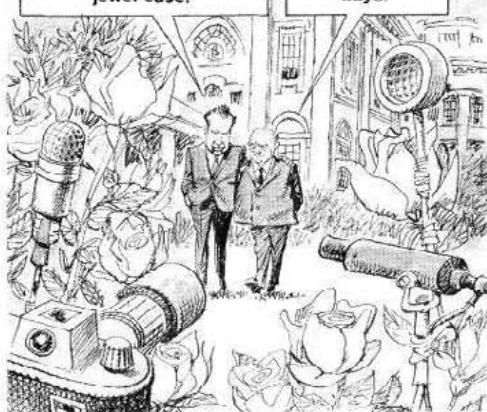
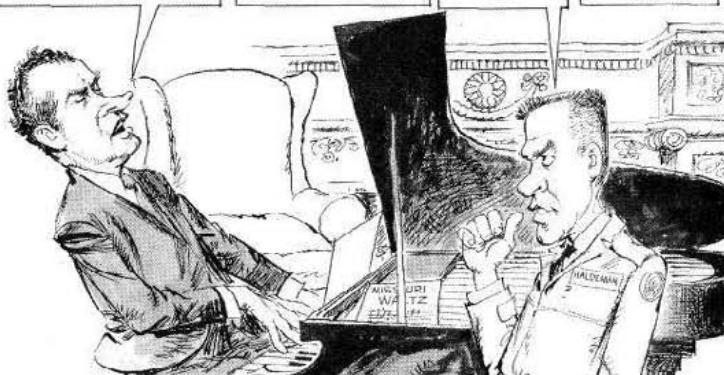
But, no! People would say I was playing politics! Anyway, I need someone who tunes in on the people!

Sir! J. Edgar Hoover is waiting for you in the rose garden!

Hoover! Now THERE'S someone who **REALLY** tunes in on the people!

Hello, Edgar! I've called you here because Pat is complaining that you're bugging her jewel case!

Well, that's Security, Dick! You can't trust ANYONE these days!



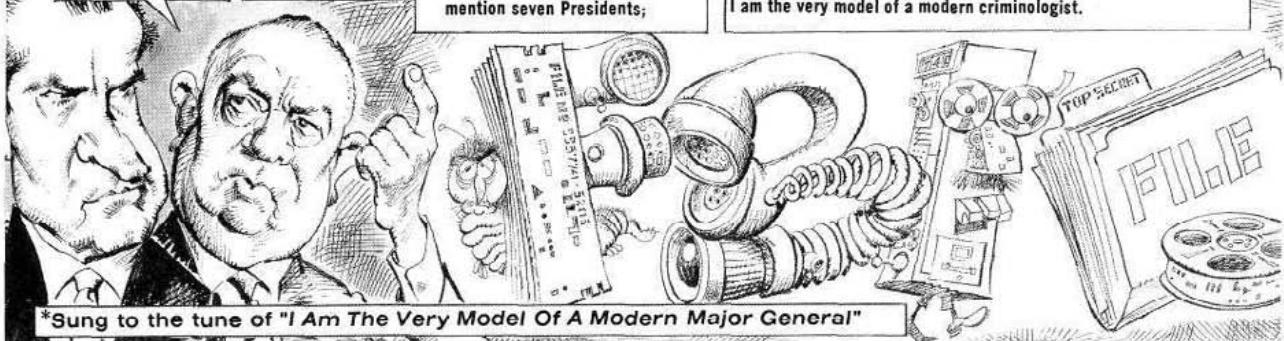
But she's the wife of the President! How would it look if you bugged MY possessions?

Better take a look at your cufflinks!

As head of the F.B.I., I must use the latest techniques so that the Press won't think I'm too old for my job! You see . . .

I am the very model of a modern criminologist; My instinct for survival would intrigue an anthropologist; For more than forty years I've clung to my official residence, Outlasting Walter Lippman, not to mention seven Presidents;

Yet rather than remove me from my post proprietorial, They'd rather put the hammer to the Jefferson Memorial; It's known, you see, I have the goods on Congressmen and Senators, Including information on their children and progenitors; And should I be tormented by some critic of the media, The file I've got on him would fill a small encyclopedia. Of course, in my position one must think like a psychologist; I am the very model of a modern criminologist.



I am the very model of a modern criminologist, As thorough in his findings as a Harvard archaeologist; I do not care for idle talk; I weigh the facts judicially; The Mob did not exist until I broke the news officially;

Each agent that surrounds me must possess the right ingredients Of reverence, fidelity, devotion and obedience, And should one doubt my wisdom it could lead to the extremity Of putting him on duty on a mountain in Yosemite; My men I much prefer to take their exercise unraveling The evil web of Communists and others fellow-traveling. Or, failing that, to trail some bearded student idealist; I am the very model of a modern criminologist.

Golly! Here comes my economic advisor, Arthur Burns! I haven't seen him so upset since David Rockefeller forgot to send him a Christmas card!



What's up, Arthur! You look really bugged!

Just my tie clasp! Dick, we're in trouble! George Meany and a bunch of Labor Leaders are staging a sit-in in your office! They won't leave until you talk to them! You have to see them before 4 P.M.!!

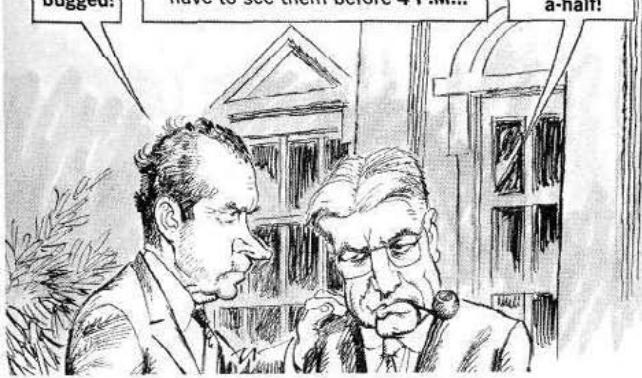
But why the deadline?

After 4 P.M., they charge time-and-a-half!

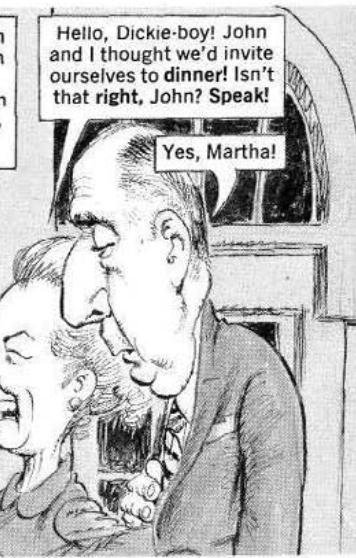
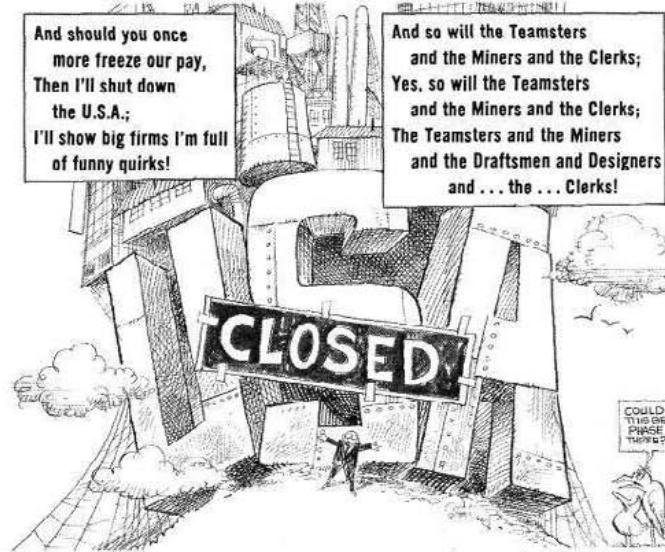
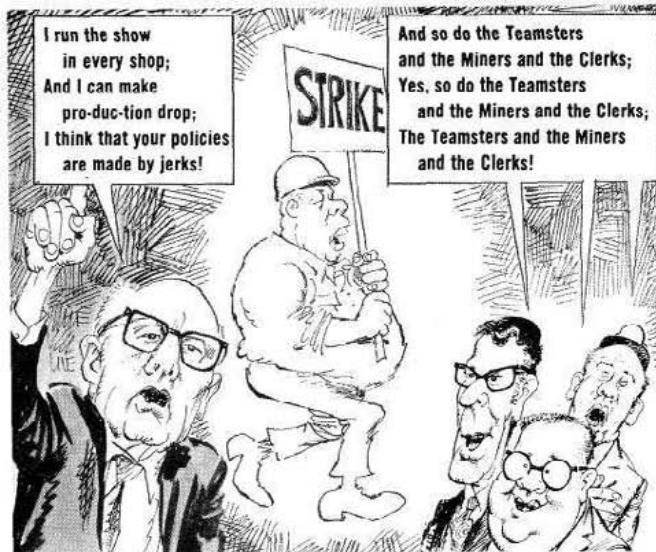
Hello, I'm the President! I don't believe we've met, Mr. Meany, so why don't you tell me what you do?

*I am the Leader in command, Who runs most Unions in the land; If I say, "Strike!" then no one works!

And we rule the Teamsters and the Miners and the Clerks; Yes, we rule the Teamsters and the Miners and the Clerks—The Teamsters and the Miners and the Clerks!



*Sung to the tune of "I Am The Monarch Of The Sea"



Er—well, make yourself at home! You know, Martha, it must be interesting being married to such an important Cabinet member! I've often wondered what your home life is like!

Don't let anybody kid you, Dickie-poo! John runs the show in our family!



*In our house in the suburbs your words I obey!

Yes, Martha! Yes, Martha! Yes, Martha!

And I give you support in my own wifely way!

Yes, Martha! Yes, Martha! Yes, Martha!

You'll remember that party when you were the host, How the guests all stood up when you gave them a toast, And I belted that creep from "The Washington Post"!

Yes, Martha! Yes, Martha! Yes, Martha!

*Reprise to the tune of "Titwillow"

Now I think when one's married to such a big man—

Yes, Martha! Yes, Martha! Yes, Martha!

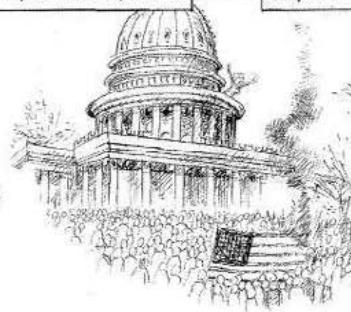
That a wife has a duty to help all she can!

Yes, Martha! Yes, Martha! Yes, Martha!

When that mob burned our flag

on the Capitol Mall,
And a full-scale rebellion you tried to forestall,
Weren't you glad when I got up and screamed, "Hang 'em all!"?

Yes, Martha! Yes, Martha! Yes, Martha!



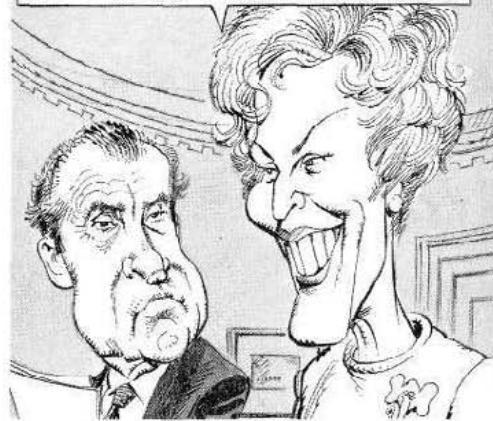
You know something, Dick! It's amazing! You've

gone through this entire MAD musical without

once making an embarrassing speech or getting

into trouble with reporters! If you don't watch

out, you may end up being LIKED!



It took me a long time, Pat, but I finally found the formula! The trick is to surround myself with a bunch of blabbering clowns and eccentrics! With THEM around, who's going to attack ME?! Let me make the whole thing perfectly clear in this final rousing number—

*When I made it big in pol-i-tics,
I found it helpful knowing all the tricks;
I changed my image—now I play it cool
And I let some guy Spiro play the White House fool!
I mastered all these tricks so care-fully
That now I am the head of our De-moc-ra-cy!



*Reprise to the tune of "When I Was A Lad"

He . . .
mastered all these tricks
so care-fully
That . . .
now he is the head of our
De . . . MOC . . . RA . . . CEEE!!

Things are going from bad to worse. Wherever you turn, there are power failures, phone tie-ups, late mail deliveries, and a million other screw-ups. Nothing seems to be running as good as it used to. Any idiot can see that the telephone companies, the utility companies, and all the other organizations that service the public simply cannot handle the business they've got now!

ADS THAT TUR

FROM FIRMS AND SERVICES THAT CAN'T HA

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

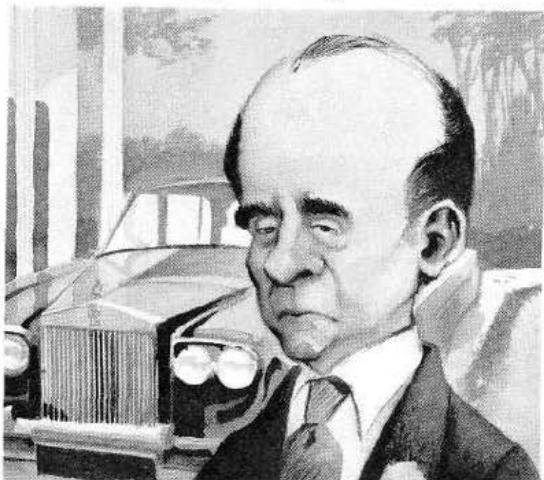
**FOR A MOTHER'S DAY
SHE'LL REMEMBER...
DON'T SEND A CARD!**



See Mom In Person!

**THE UNITED STATES
POSTAL SERVICE**

**J. PAUL GOTSTIT
IS WORTH OVER
\$200,000,000⁰⁰**



...AND HE NEVER WENT TO COLLEGE!

Yes, many great, self-made men made it big without ever going to college! Men like Henry Ford, Ernest Hemingway, Bob Hope, Walt Disney, Adolph Hitler, Thomas Edison, Daniel Boone, King Arthur, Montezuma, Marco Polo, Moses and Sabu. They hustled, and they did it on their own! They worked their way to the top in their chosen fields without wasting their precious young manhoods in packed classrooms on overcrowded campuses!

Harry Truman, Arthur Godfrey, Napoleon Bonaparte, The Wright Brothers, Milton Berle! Not a bad bunch to follow! Consider how successful they were before you toss away four years of your life!

**THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION
OF COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES**

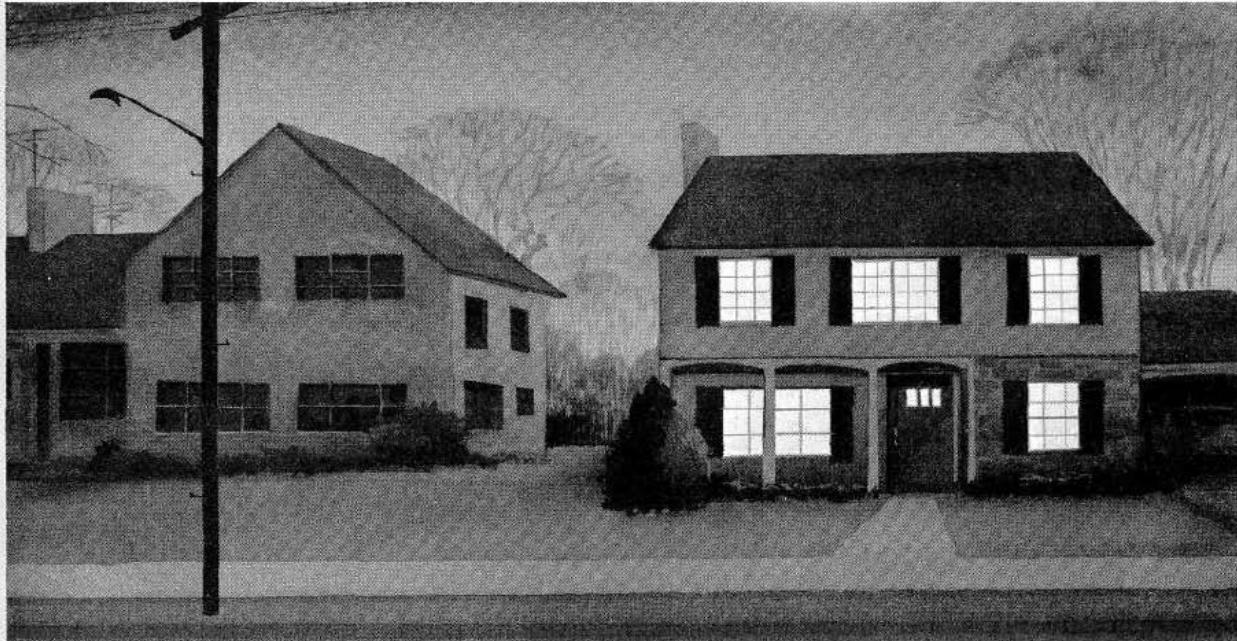


So what do they do? They run ad campaigns to get even MORE business! Isn't that stupid?! Isn't that irresponsible?! Isn't that a great subject for a **MAD** article?! Wise up, all you corporations and institutions that can't do your jobs efficiently! The answer to your problems is to run ads that **discourage** more business, not **encourage** it! In other words, dum-dums, start running

N PEOPLE OFF NDLE THE BUSINESS THEY'VE GOT ALREADY

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Which Family Lives Better Electrically?



The family in the house on the left, of course! They've got seven air-conditioners, electric heating, a washing machine, a clothes dryer, a dish washer, four color TVs, a refrigerator-freezer, an electric stove, five electric clocks, an electrified fire and burglar alarm system, an assortment of small electrical appliances including fry pans, toasters, broilers, can-openers, knives, etc., and an electrified kennel, hamster cage, greenhouse and birdfeeder in the back. They live better electrically, except for times like now . . . when they've been blacked-out for an entire week-end by their over-burdened local Electric Light and Power Company.

The family on the right only uses 12 electric lights, a broken-down Kelvinator refrigerator and a 1959 11-inch black-and-white Zenith TV set. Instead of buying a lot of power-draining appliances, they put their money into their own private generator, which they've installed in their basement. Electrically, they may not live better, but they'll survive better . . . because they're the only family in town right now that can go from one room to another without walking into a wall.

Think About That Before You Buy Your Next Appliance!

AMERICA'S ELECTRIC LIGHT & POWER COMPANIES

"Over 100 Years Of Failing To Keep Up With The Increasing Demand"

Hi! This is Philo Forsythe for the Nation's Airlines! And this is Elmo Freen, a typical passenger! Has the trip been pleasant so far, Mr. Freen?

You better believe it, Philo! I'm 6 foot 7, and weigh 271! I'm as big as a house, but these seats are wide and comfortable—with lots of leg room, too!

Mr. Freen, there's a lot of talk about departure delays . . .

Are you kidding? We left right on the dot! And according to my watch, we're gonna arrive right on time, too!

Listen, I'm a businessman with important appointments in different cities! I can't take chances on delays! I don't know who spreads those rumors about overcrowded terminals and traffic control problems, but I've never experienced any of them!



HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT ABOUT WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE WITHOUT A PHONE?

Hmmmm, hello, baby! This is (slobber) your neighborhood degenerate! I'm getting (pant) sensual pleasure out of flogging myself with the extension cord while I wait for the ultimate ecstasy of hearing you call me vile and crude!

Hello there! If you can answer this question, you'll win a free "Cha-Cha" lesson at the world famous Arthur Klutz Dance Studios! Ready?—Here's the question . . . Which side won the Civil War? I'll give you a hint . . .

Is this Helen? This is your old boyfriend, Nutty Charlie Foster! I've been trying to find you for 14 years! Why did you stand me up that New Year's Eve in '57? It nearly drove me crazy at the time, but I've been released now, and . . .

Hello, this is the National Hangnail Foundation! We are conducting our bi-annual Cuticle Crusade to help find a cure for this dreaded disease which afflicts four out of five Americans! Our representative will be calling you every night for the next month until—

This is Lulu, the cheap blonde your husband's been having an affair with! Will you please tell him I've been to the Doctor, and it looks like I'm . . .

Hi! I'm a religious fanatic, and I've called you because when I add up the digits in your phone number, it comes to 33, which is the mystic symbol of the Ancient Cult of Phoenician Public Accountants, of which I am the living reincarnation of the God, Murray . . .



The Bell System

MOST LIKELY, A LOT BETTER

It's
good
to
meet a
satisfied
customer!

Darn tootin' I'm satisfied!
I love riding these babies!
At the holiday rush, when
one's filled up, you know
there'll be another one
loading up right after it!

Let's face it! Here, the passenger comes
first! Look how they handle baggage! Your
suitcases are waiting for you practically
the minute you arrive at the terminal!
You can't beat that! And with the really
low fares they're offering, I can afford
to take my wife along if I feel like it!

Thank you,
airline
passenger
Elmo
Freen!

WHAT airline
passenger?
We're on a
GREYHOUND
BUS, stupid!



YOU CAN WIN \$10,000

IN THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN HOSPITALS' 1971 DO-IT-YOURSELF
HOME SURGERY CONTEST

IT'S FUN! IT'S CHALLENGING! IT'S REWARDING!

Any family can compete! All that's required is some friend, some relative . . . anyone with a major physical ailment who may suddenly require hospitalization and surgery. From that moment on, it's up to you! YOU diagnose his ailment! YOU prescribe the treatment! YOU perform the operation—right in your own home! YOU save him the tremendous expenses of hospital bills and surgeons' fees! And, at the same time—YOU become eligible for any one of these fabulous prizes:

First Prize.....	\$10,000
Second Prize.....	\$5,000
Third Prize.....	\$2,500

FILL OUT THIS COUPON AND ENTER TODAY!
IT'S THE CHANCE OF SOMEONE'S LIFETIME!

Home Surgery Contest
P.O. Box 1971
Ganglia, Utah

Yes, I want to enter your contest! I pledge that I am a complete medical amateur, and that I will not use any hospital facilities or trained medical assistance whatsoever. Send me complete details, plus the helpful contest booklet, "Vital Organs And How To Find Them".

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

Check here if between the ages of 8 and 18 for entry in
Special 1971 Do-It-Yourself Junior Home Surgery Contest

MEET LAST YEAR'S HOME SURGERY CONTEST WINNERS

L.H., of Chicago, Illinois, won

\$10,000.00



... for performing a delicate brain
operation on his late Mother-In-Law.

R.B., of Omaha, Nebraska, won

\$5,000.00



... for exchanging the kidney of
his nephew with an utter stranger's.

A.K., of Butte, Montana, won

\$2,500.00



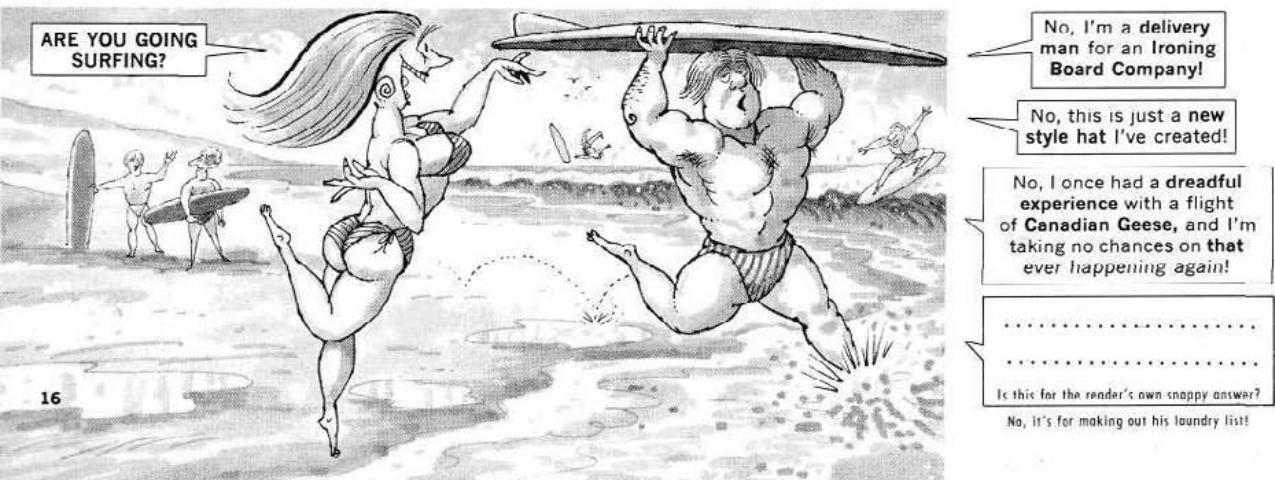
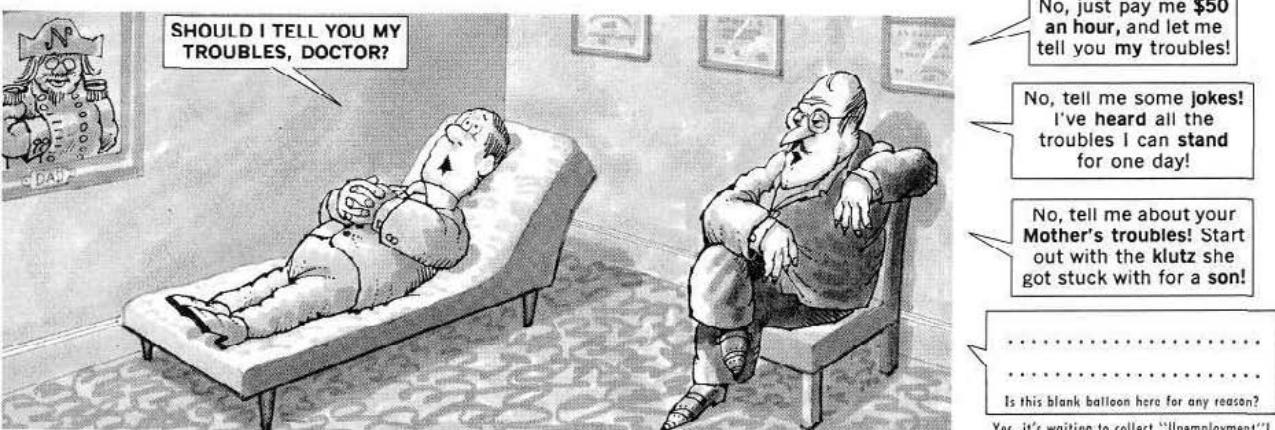
... for removing the pancreas of
his mailman just before dinner.

PUT YOUR FUNNY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS DEPT.

Are you reading a magazine? Are you reading MAD Magazine? Are you reading the introduction to this article? Then you know what "Stupid Questions" are, because we just asked three of the stupidest! Are

you sick and tired of being asked stupid questions? Would you like to put them down? Then this article (by Al Jaffee) is for you! So were the first two articles on the very same subject (by Al Jaffee)

MORE SNAPPY ANSWERS



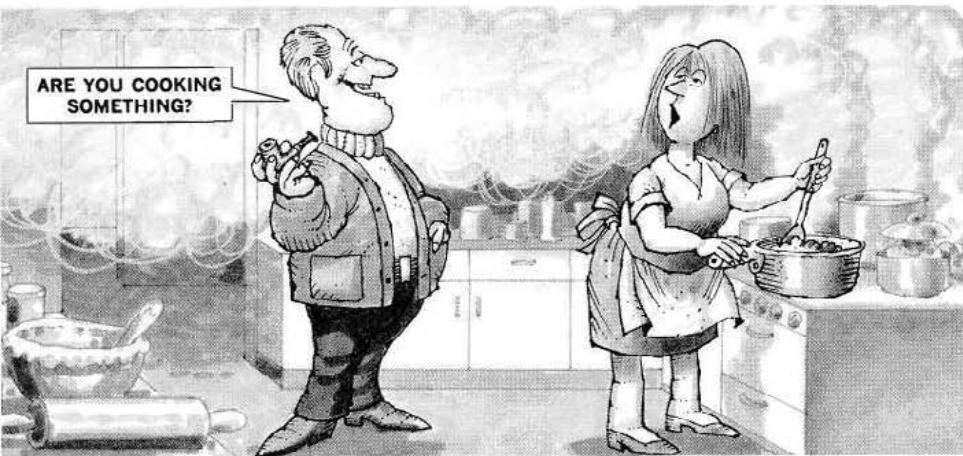


that we ran several issues back! So was the first MAD paperback book on the very same subject (by Al Jaffee) that we published several years back! So is the upcoming all-new MAD paperback book on

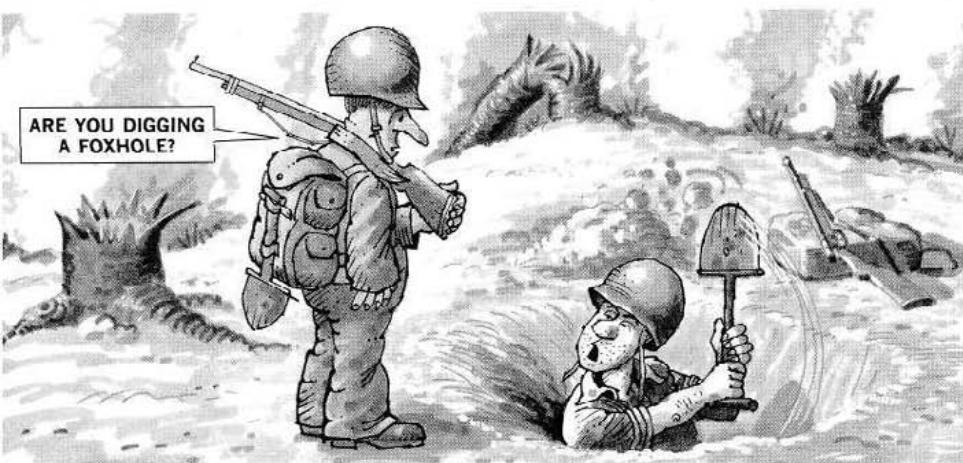
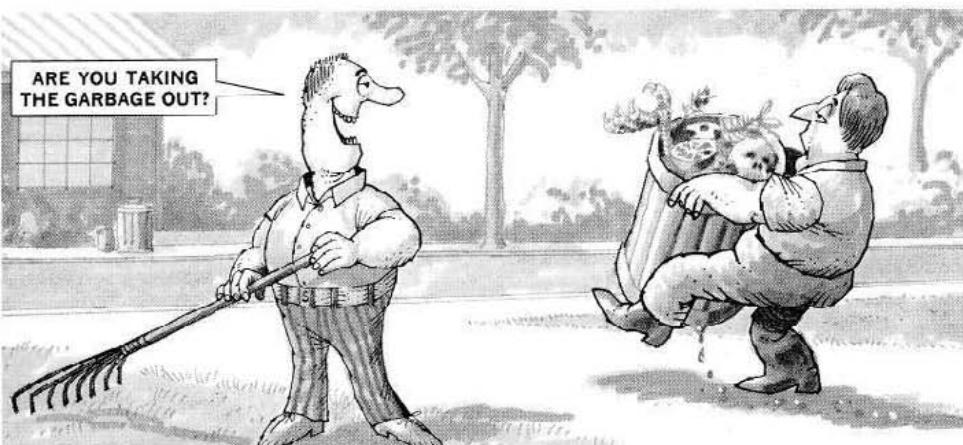
the very same subject (by Al Jaffee) that's about to be published! Which means that, besides the ad for it on the Letters Page, this article is nothing more than another plug for Al's new collection of

TO STUPID QUESTIONS

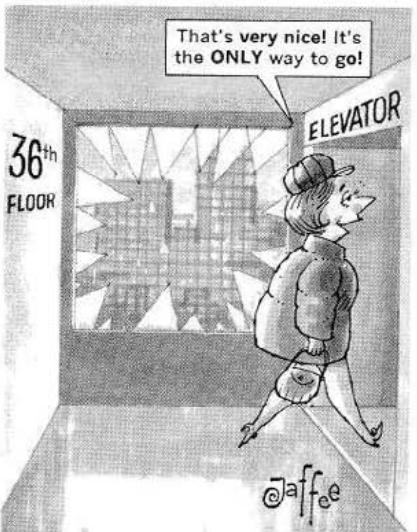
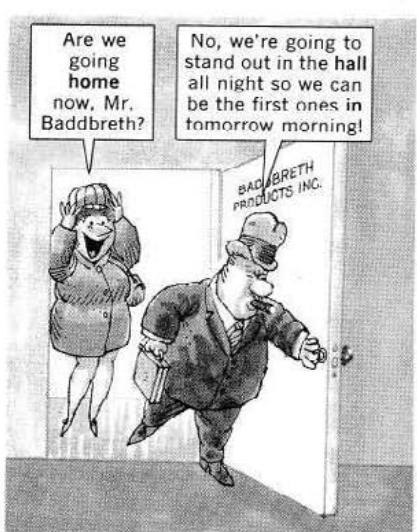
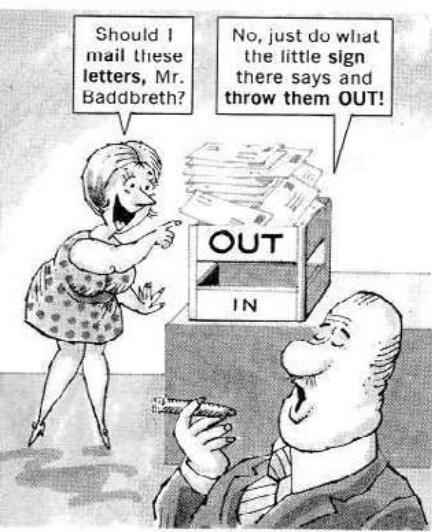
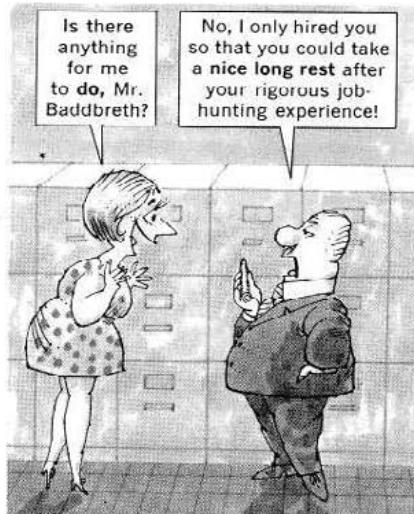
ARTIST &
WRITER:
AL JAFFEE



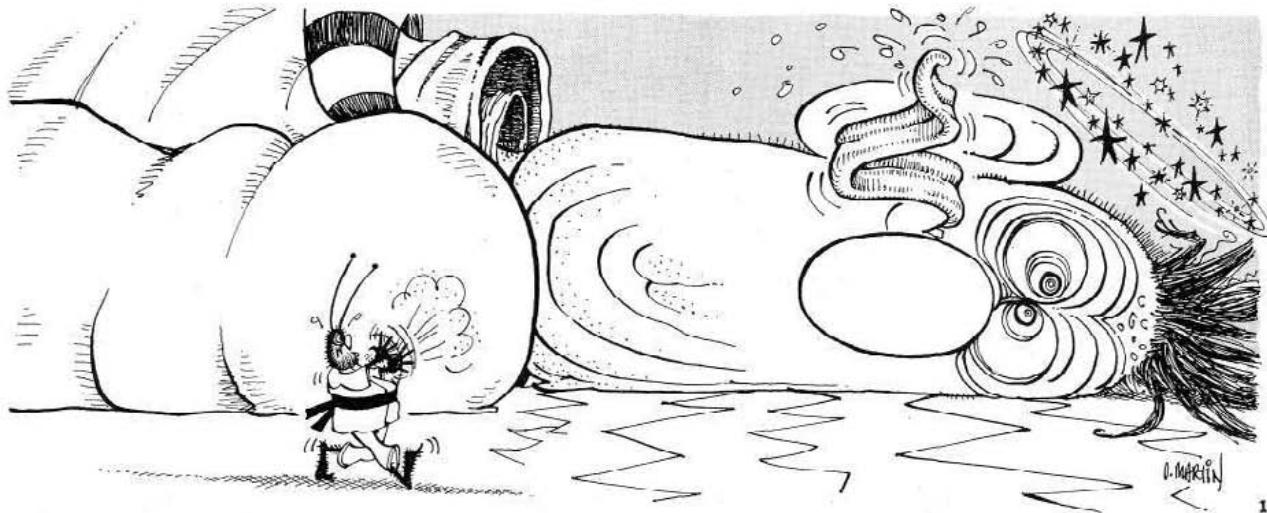
No, he writes "The Lord's Prayer" here! He writes his snappy answer on the head of a pin!



A "SNAPPY ANSWERS TO STUPID QUESTIONS" OFFICE SAGA



ONE FAIRLY NICE DAY DOWNTOWN



With everyone sending out cold, impersonal, store-bought Greeting Cards to express their feelings these days, we got to wondering: Whatever happened to the old-fashioned "Love Letter"? Mainly, the individual personal message that captured the style and the personality of its author, instead of some professional card-writer. You'll see what we're talking about when you read these MAD versions of

LOVE LETTERS FROM CELEBRITIES

WRITER: ARNIE KOGAN

FROM RICHARD NIXON

Dear Pat,

January 23, 1932

Let me make one thing perfectly clear. I am your boyfriend. Make no mistake about that. And I feel it perfectly safe to say that I love you. That is, I believe I love you. This is not to preclude the possibility that I may like you a whole lot. Or that I may even have a heavy crush on you. Or that I am simply hot to trot. However, since this is a "love letter," I think I should correctly state, for the time being at least, that I love you.

Now, about that other matter: Let me say that within one year, I hope to withdraw from all my other girlfriends. You can readily understand that, for safety's sake (They may beat me up after school!), I cannot withdraw from them all at once. My plan is to gradually stop calling them, and to date them less and less.

As for last night, I hope you will forgive me for what may have seemed like a surprise attack in Lovers' Lane. Let me make clear my position on this. I believe that only by advancing upon and holding unprotected parts of your body can I protect the commitment I have made in time and money. I believe it is morally just. And, more than that, it is the American thing to do!

Do I make myself perfectly clear?

Another thing. About your acne. Please don't feel self-conscious about it. I have been studying your condition closely, and let me state that within a month I believe it will be perfectly clear!

Is this perfectly clear?

I am your boyfriend,
Dickie

FROM WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY

Millbrook
Preparatory School
Millbrook, New York

December 18, 1940

Miss Selina Van Renssalaer
Foxcroft School
Sweetbriar, New York

Dear Selina:--

It is with warm exudation that I dedicate this missive to you, the love of my life, the apocalypse of my being and the lustful cornucopia of all my hedonistic dreams. How ironic that this passion for you should exist, yes, flourish under a left-wing state whose invidious ideological posture is the antithesis of a renaissance romanticism and, ergo, contains absolutely no aesthetic vision except a perfunctory ersatz.

Under this arduous tyranny, with Mr. Roosevelt the provocateur of legislative egregiousness, I nevertheless, have dedicated my puerile existence to satiating my concupiscent and pubescent lust.

To put it more succinctly, Selina, baby, I'm hot for your body. And if there's no action Friday night, you can shove off!

Warmest personal regards,

William F. Buckley
William F. Buckley

FROM ERICH SEGAL

July 10, 1963

Dear Gladys,

What can you say about a sixteen-year-old girl who loves Mozart, Frankie Avalon, Chubby Checker, and is suffering from an incurable disease...the heartbreak of porosias?

That's right, Gladys! I know all about your terrible skin condition!

But it doesn't matter to me because I love you in spite of your faults. What DOES bother me is that you've been secretly seeing my best friend, Solomon Fleischman, behind my back!

Is this love? As far as I'm concerned, love means never having to say you're with Sally!

This letter is too sad to continue. Tears are welling up in my eyes, and like this strange itch is spreading over my body.

Some love story! I'm catching your disease!

Your boyfriend,
Erich

FROM BURT BACHARACH

Dear Angie,

Oct. 3, 1947

What's new, pussycat?

I just want to say that this guy, this guy's in love with you! And, gosh, if there's one thing the world needs right now, it's love... sweet love!

What a great summer. It's been! We had some real crazy times together. Remember when we took that trip and got lost and we didn't know our way to San Jose? What made it really crazy was we were standing in the middle of the Bronx at the time!

And then, there was that silly day in the country when we stopped at that roadside fruit-and-vegetable stand! Remember? You bought a pound of cumquats, and I bought a head of lettuce. And then there was that sudden thunderstorm. It poured all over your cumquats, and raindrops kept falling on my head. We laughed and laughed. And we made promises, promises that we'd never part.

Then, he came along!

Tell me, Angie... what's it all about with you and Alfie???

Close to you,
BURT BACHARACH*

*Letter written with the help of Hal David

FROM DON RICKLES

Miss Shirley Plotkin
4755 Ocean Parkway
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sept. 12, 1945

Dear Dummy,

That's right! You're a "Dummy"! You're also a Creep! And a Slob!

As all the guys on the block know, I only insult the people I like. And I'm crazy about you, you miserable hockey puck!

I love everything about you!

I love the way you eat a cookie, and the crumbs get all over your moustache! (By the way, there's a new thing out. It's called "Electrolysis." Look into it!)

And I love the smart outfit you wear. The J.C. Penney calico dress with the stains under the armpits. And the sweat socks. And the gym boots. And the tom underwear.

And the funny way you lean out your apartment window and say, "Psst! Hey, Sailor! Up here!"

And the time last Summer when you forgot to bathe for three weeks, and I couldn't dance with you because there were too many flies around.

And the first time I met your father. He was nasty to me until I fed him a piece of raw meat, and he went away.

And the time you sold kisses at the Bazaar for a dollar each, and you gave everyone that strange disease.

And the cute way you walk along the beach and we all laugh because you keep forgetting to shave your legs. And arms. And back.

Yes, it's a thrill for me to date you, Shirley. Almost as much of a thrill as the time I was held hostage by the Japs on Iwo Jima.

Let me wrap it all up by saying I think you're an ugly, fat, bouledged, four-eyed, moronic, hideous-looking Dum-Dum... and I hope you feel the same way about me.

All my love, Don

FROM HENNY YOUNGMAN

Dear Gloria,

Feb. 27, 1930

Now take my girlfriend, Gloria Lipschultz... please!!

I think about you every moment, Gloria. When I see you, my heart beats so fast I need a Doctor. Speaking of Doctors, this Doctor opened the window wide and said to the Patient, "Stick out your tongue in front of this window." The Patient said, "What for?" And the Doctor said, "I'm mad at my neighbor."

Whenever I'm near you, Gloria, you drive me crazy. By the way, want to drive somebody crazy? Send him a telegram saying "Ignore first telegram."

You're gorgeous, Gloria. You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. Not like my friend's Mother-In-Law. She went to a beauty parlor and had a mud pack for two days, she looked great. Then the mud fell off.

I think the two of us are meant for each other. Have you ever noticed how we're always holding hands? Because if we ever let go, we'd kill each other.

I'm saying all this in a letter, Gloria, because you know how I am in person. I can never get serious.

Love, Henny

FROM RALPH NADER

April 21, 1950

Dear Chevelle,

I love you, honey. You are built fantastically, and you are the sleekest-looking thing to come out of school this year.

But you must realize that there are specific standards and specifications I have set for my "ideal girl", and these must be met. Therefore, before we get serious, I must call to your attention certain defects you suffer from—which will have to be corrected immediately.

They are as follows:

Your right ear lobe is $\frac{1}{4}$ inch longer than your left, and should be adjusted.

When you walk, your chassis is out of line. The caps on your teeth should be rotated.

On our last date, I ascertained that your bra was padded with foam rubber. This is a deceptive practice and violates my personal "truth in packaging" law.

I also find noticeable defects in your rear end, your paint job, your headlights and some of your accessories.

And to top it all off, I am not getting the mileage out of you that you led me to believe I'd get after our first date.

I know you're supposed to be the fastest girl in school, but as far as I'm concerned, you're "unsafe at any speed"!

I hope you understand that this is not a personal reflection on you, but just that I am taking every precaution to see that I do not go steady with a "lemon".

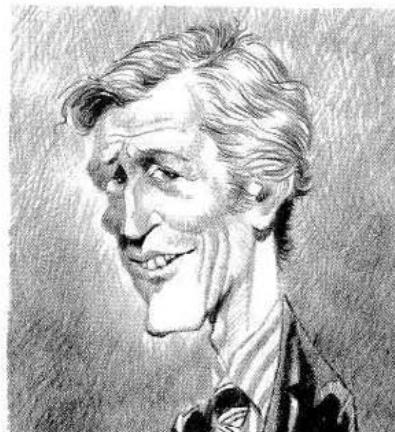
Expecting a callback on this, I am

As ever,
Ralphie

A MAD MESSAGE TO THE LEADING DEMOCRAT CANDIDATES FOR PRESIDENT ...



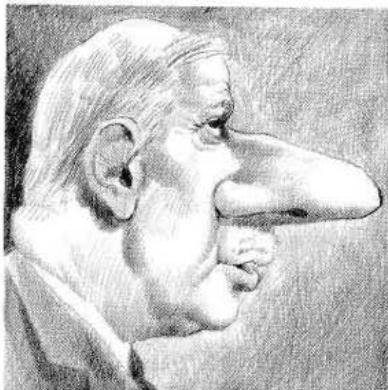
MUSKIE



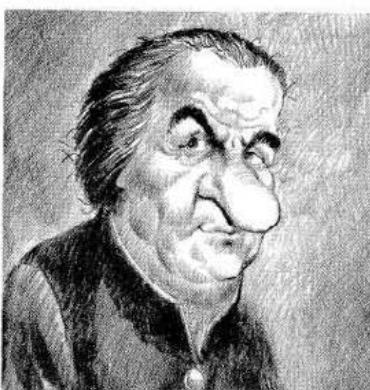
LINDSAY

BASED ON A SURVEY OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE MADE IT IN ALL WALKS OF LIFE, MAD

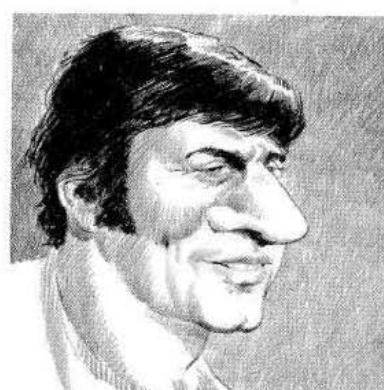
Study this handful of people who have achieved success in their chosen fields! You don't



Charles DeGaulle

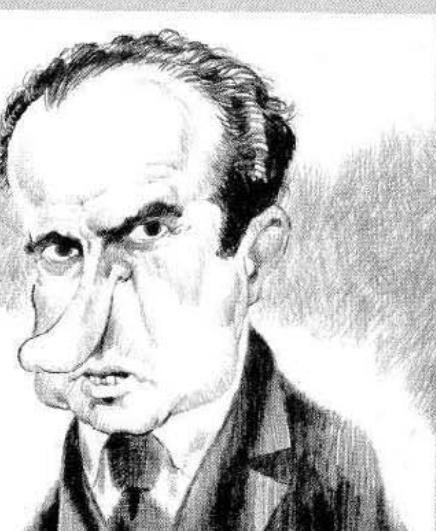


Golda Meir



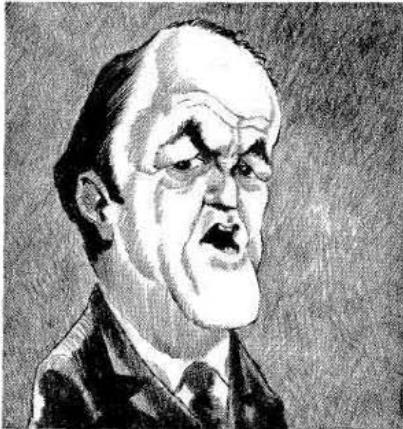
Joe Namath

TAKE LYNDON JOHNSON AND RICHARD NIXON, OUR LAST TWO PRESIDENTS! BIG, EH?



Dave Gantz

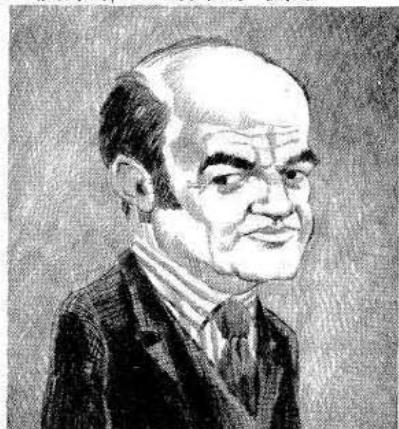
ARTIST AND WRITER: DAVE GANTZ



HUMPHREY

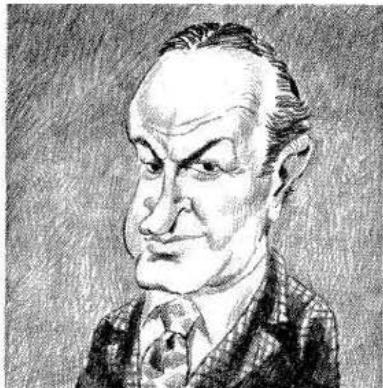


KENNEDY



McGOVERN

HAS DISCOVERED THE ESSENTIAL ELEMENT NECESSARY TO ACHIEVE SUCCESS TODAY!
need a magnifying glass to see that they all have one thing in common: A BIG SCHNOZ!



Bob Hope

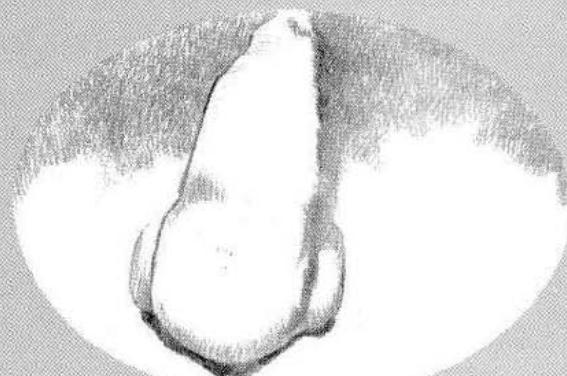
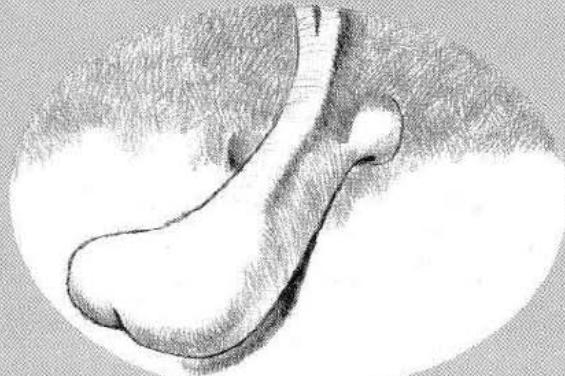


Spiro Agnew



Barbra Streisand

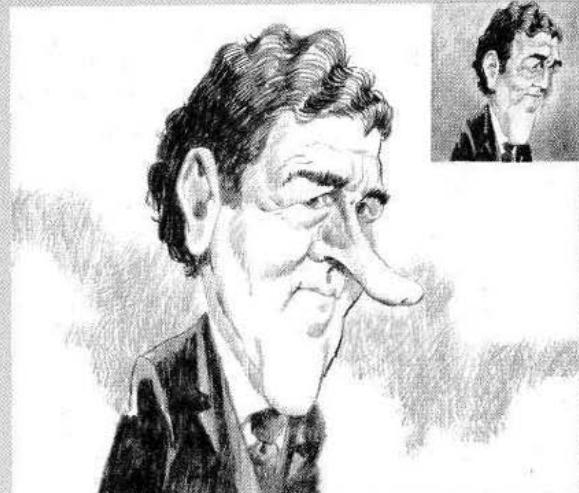
**WELL, BY OUR YARDSTICK, NONE OF YOU CHALLENGERS STANDS A CHANCE AGAINST
THIS AND THIS**



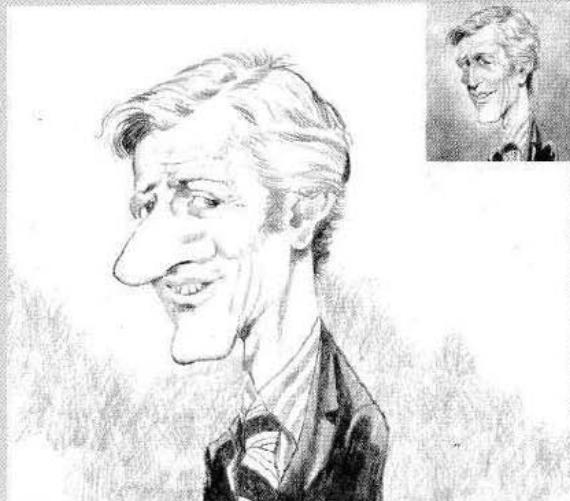
...UNLESS YOU TAKE MAD'S ADVICE, AND...IN THIS AGE OF SUPER SURGERY...

GET A NOSE JOB

...AND INSURE YOUR
POLITICAL SUCCESS!



MUSKIE...with the Nixon-Hope Ski Jump



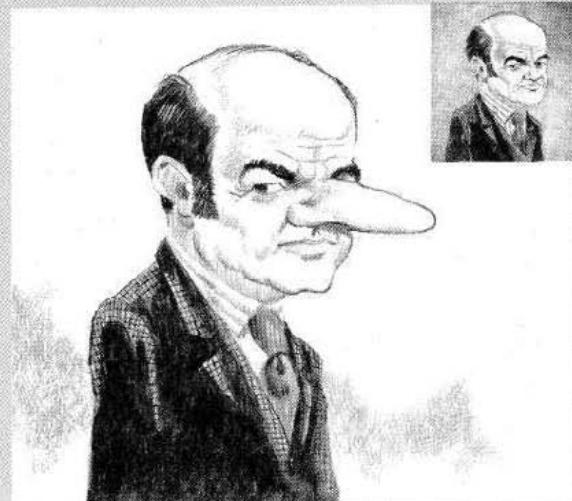
LINDSAY...with the Namath Forward Pass



HUMPHREY...with the Johnson-Meir Bulb



KENNEDY...with the Streisand Bronx Hook



McGOVERN...with the DeGaulle Whopper

SPOIL-SPORT DEPT.

As any Pro Football TV fan knows, the most dramatic moments do not take place on the field. No, the really gripping, super-charged moments occur on the sidelines during those interviews by ABC's Howard Cosell! For those of you who don't know him (and for those of you who do, but can't believe what you see), let us say:

Howard Cosell speaks with heartfelt emotion...

I'm here at halftime with "Mr. Football" himself . . . the veteran quarterback of the Fresno Coyotes, a dedicated athlete, and a warm, sincere human being . . . Floyd Freen!

Floyd, you've played 12 seasons, and you've become a legend in your own lifetime!

And now . . . right here . . . today . . . I want you to tell me, once and for all, straight from the shoulder . . . exactly why you stink as a passer!

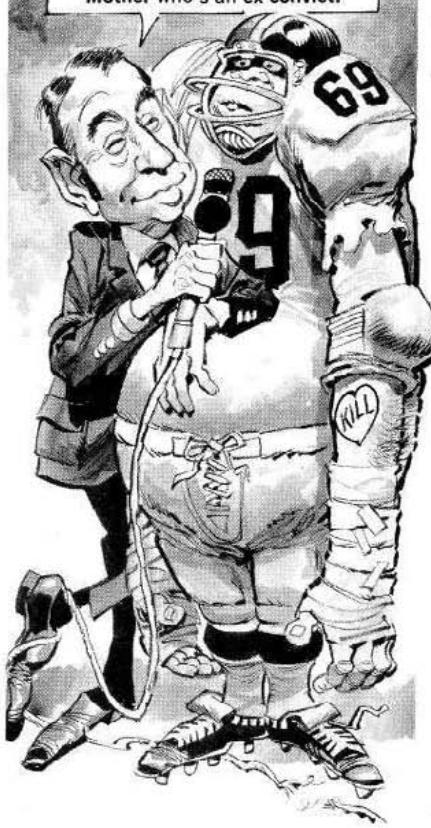


Howard Cosell brings a rare warmth to the game . . .

Marty Meef, you're thirty-seven years old, you're fat, you're flabby, your reflexes are slow, and you can't remember the plays!

I know that! You know that! The teammates you've let down know that! But these things aren't important!

What IS important, Marty Meef, is . . . how does it feel to have a Mother who's an ex-convict?

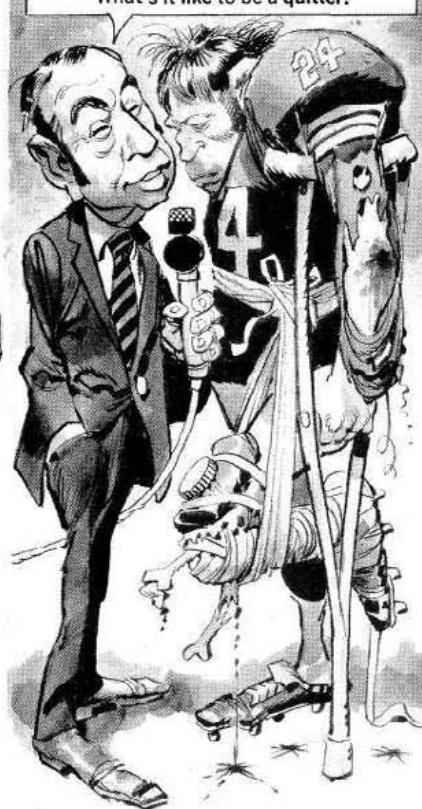


Howard Cosell shows tact and understanding . . .

Vic Cowznofsky, your left knee is crushed . . . a gruesome mass of shattered bones and nerves and cartilage that can never be repaired! You'll never play another game of football!

Right now, you're heartbroken, desolate, worried about your future and how you're going to provide for your wife and family!

Vic, now that you're washed up, I want you to answer one final question: What's it like to be a quitter?



Love him . . . or hate him . . . one thing is certain: Howard Cosell's unique style and approach certainly makes the TV ratings zoom! Therefore, it's only a matter of time before all the Networks start using him, and not just for Sports coverage! So let's step into the future and see what we'll be looking at and listening to—

When TV makes FULL USE of **HOWARD COSELL**

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

HOWARD COSELL on "SESAME STREET"...

Today's show is brought to you by the letter "T"! Howard, can you think of a word beginning with T?

Ernie, I can remember when the letter T was one of the strongest consonants in the dictionary! Two years ago, if you recall, it was a unanimous choice for "All Alphabet"!

But let's not delude ourselves! The letter T is in Trouble! The vowels know it! The consonants know it! Even the lowly semi-colons and commas know it!

It's common knowledge that T leads the other letters in Trying! And that T is the first letter to show up for Training! But despite this, T is the first letter mentioned whenever there's Talk of a Trade!



HOWARD COSELL on "LET'S MAKE A DEAL"...

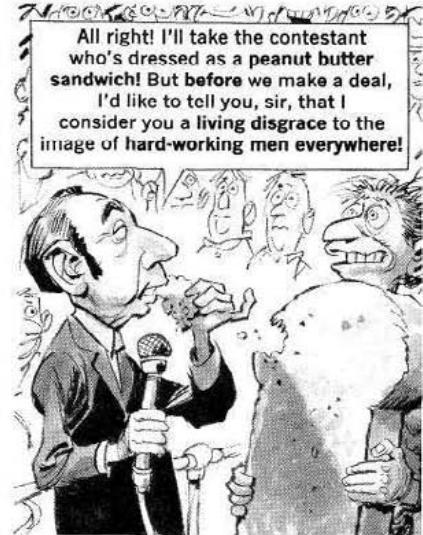
It's time to play "Let's Make A Deal," a program of so-called entertainment—but actually a sorry spectacle that pays grim tribute to the materialism and greed that corrupts our society!

Okay . . . Who wants to make a deal?

I do, Howard!

Take me!

Me, Howard!
ME!!

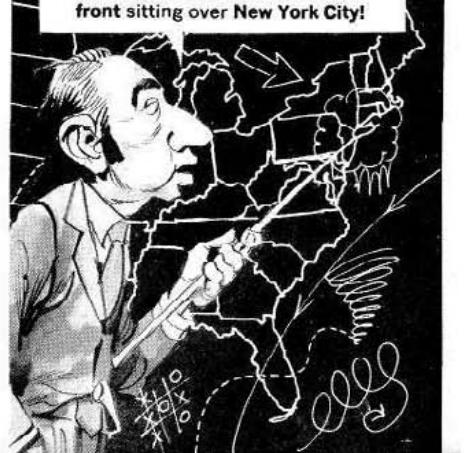


HOWARD COSELL on "THE SIX O'CLOCK WEATHER REPORT"...

We've all heard talk that the weather is through . . . that clear skies have had it . . . that storms are being fixed . . . and the barometer is on the take!

I know, you know, we all know that in recent years the air has acquired a rotten smell! It is now my unpleasant duty to report the latest example of corruption in our nation's atmosphere!

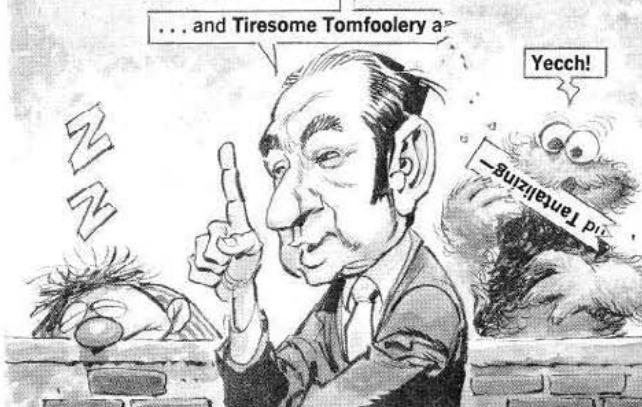
Yesterday, if you recall, it was I who predicted a classic struggle between two highly-touted air masses! The first contender was this cold front sitting over New York City!



And so we must ask—"Why?" The answer can be traced to the hatred and rancor and bigotry that pervades our alphabet today! T is being treated as an outcast because T is a minority letter! T is ostracized by the vowels, ignored by the numerals, and even tormented by his fellow consonants!



They say that T does not know its place! Well, let me say—once and for all—that T is an upstanding letter! That without T, we would not have *Tedious Talkers on Television* ... and *Tripe* and *Twaddle* and *Tirades* and *Titillation* ...



I have here three boxes! Two contain worthless items! The third contains \$750, an amount equal to the average yearly income of a Mississippi sharecropper! While you ponder your choice and this inequality in our society, I'd like to inform the studio audience that their behavior today is more sickening and childish than ever!



You, sir, have chosen Box No. 2, which contains 12,000 imitation salamis! This should convince you that not only are you a lamentable example of American manhood, but that you're also a rotten guesser!



His opponent was this powerful warm front, a mass of moist air, churning out of Chicago! It's no secret that this was where the big money was!



Well, we all know what happened! The cold front chickened out over Ohio! And the warm front turned into Bush League drizzle and took a dive in Pittsburgh!

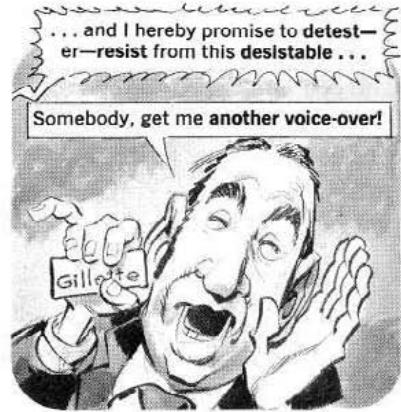
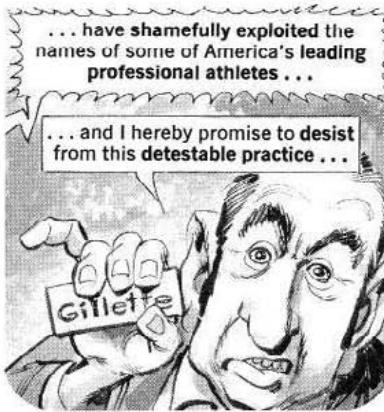
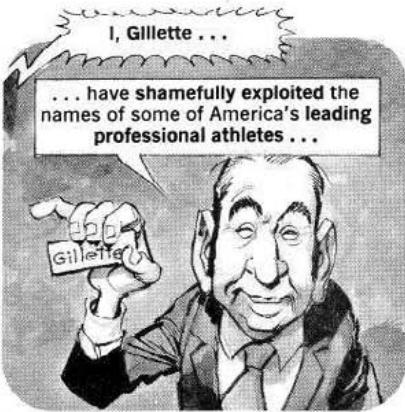
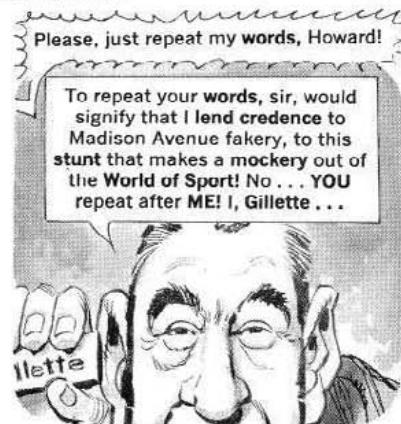
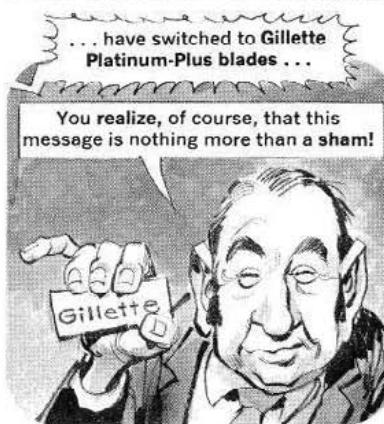
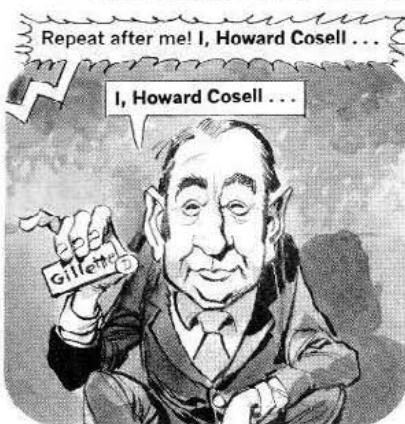


And to think that there are people who still have faith in the weather!

I'll be back again at 11:00 P.M. to humiliate the Jet Stream!



HOWARD COSELL on "THE GILLETTE COMMERCIAL"...



HOWARD COSELL on "MEET THE PRESS"...

Our guest today is the Ambassador from Outer Franistan, and we'll begin our questions with Howard Cosell ...

Mr. Ambassador, I'm not going to embarrass you by asking questions about the corrupt military regime that runs your sexually perverted country!

Nor will I bring up the illegal slave trade of dwarfs which your country not only allows but encourages within its degenerate borders!

Nor will I mention that your President is a junkie with a speech impediment!

Nor will I make note of the fact that you are a known bed-wetter!

No, I won't delve into these sordid truths! Instead, I want to ask you one simple direct question: Namely—how can we improve relations between our two countries?

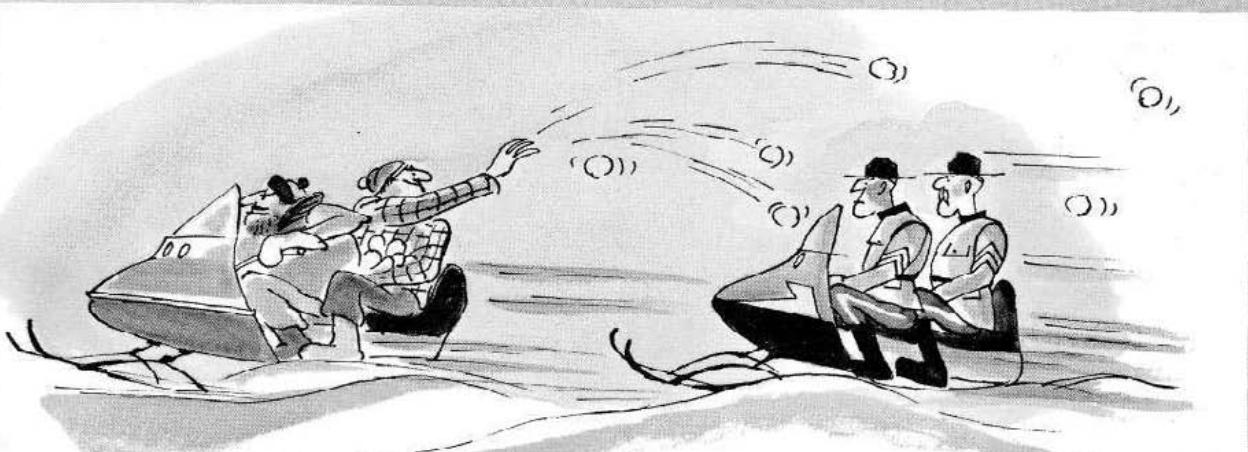
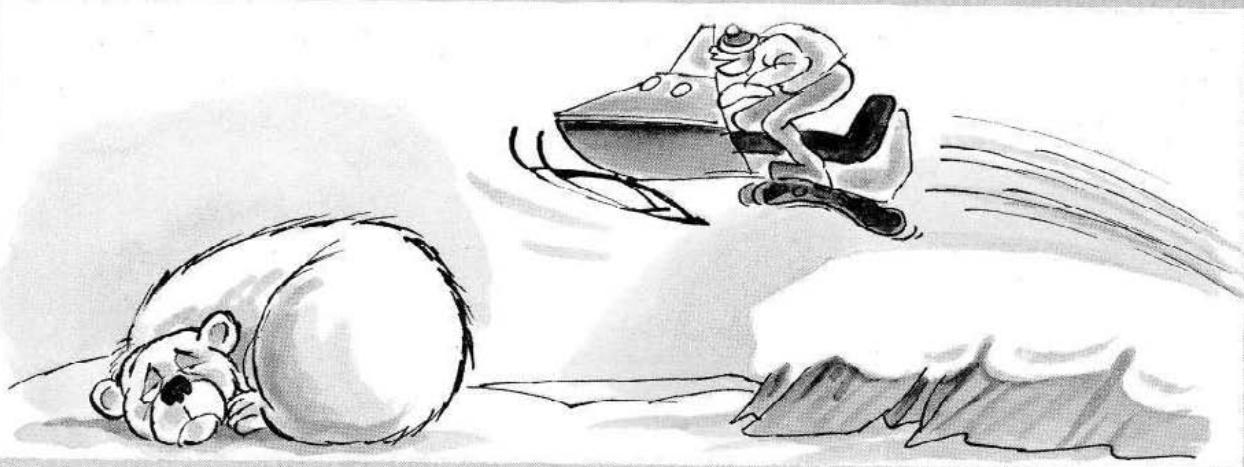


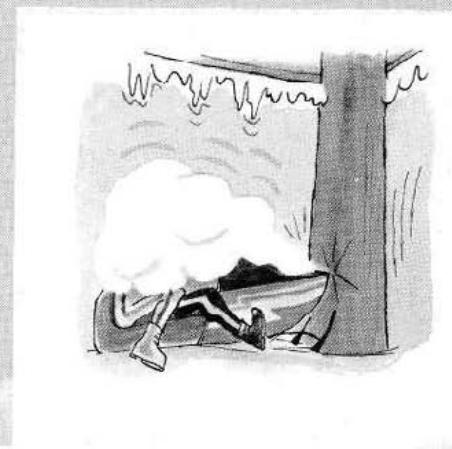
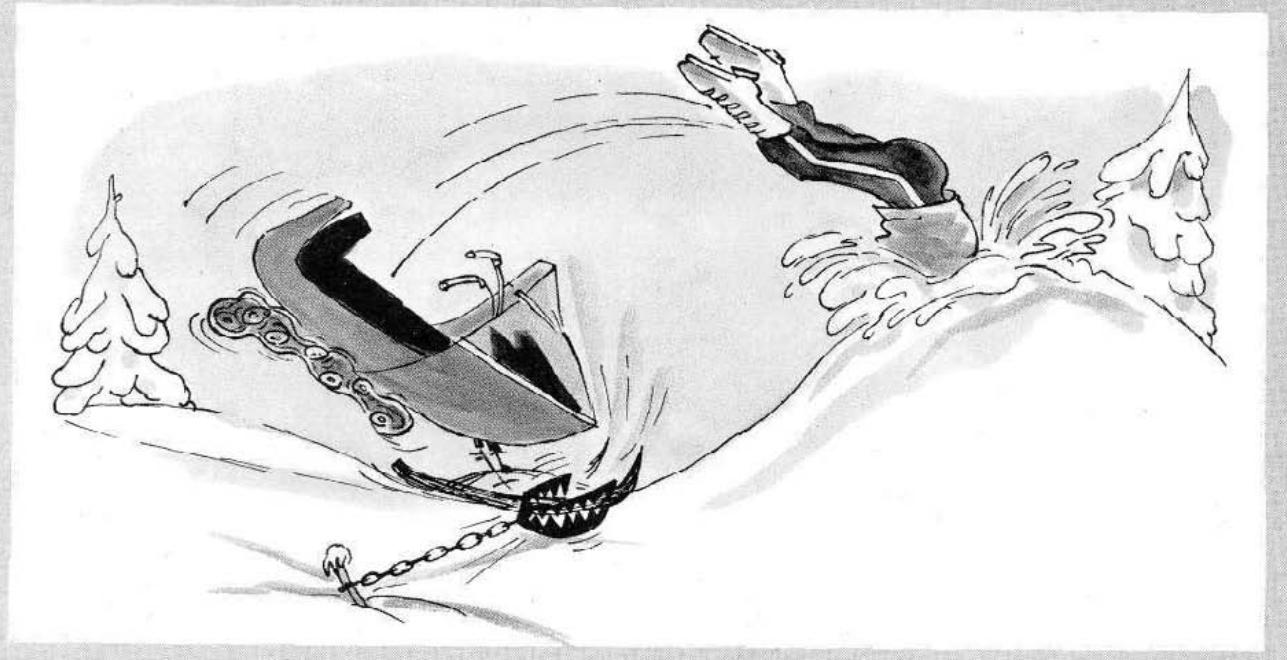
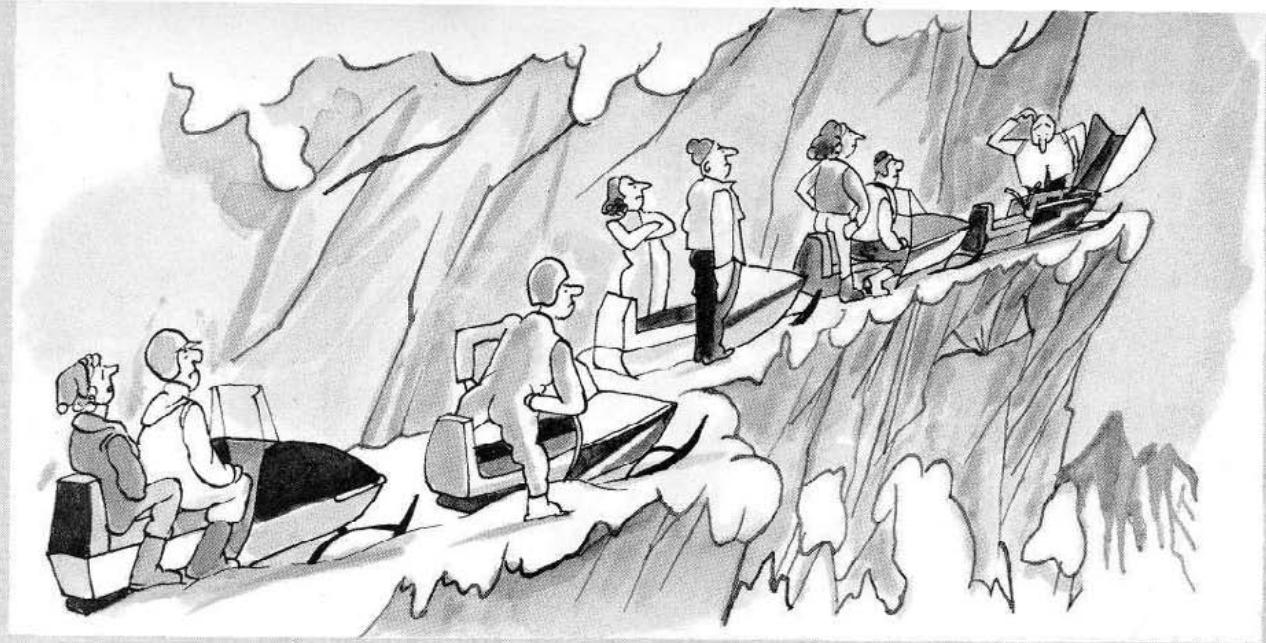
SLAY RIDE DEPT.



A MAD LOOK AT SNOWMOBILES

WRITER & ARTIST: PAUL PETER PORGES







THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... AIR

Would you care to buy some Flight Insurance, sir? You can get three hundred thousand dollars worth for only ten dollars!

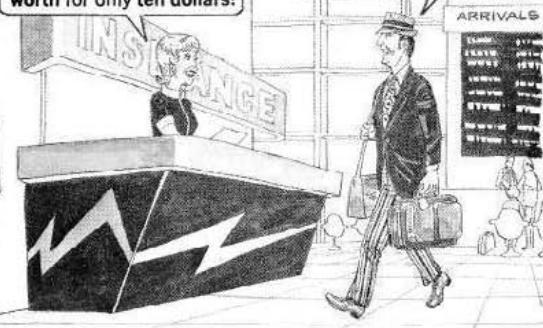
Three hundred thousand dollars worth of Flight Insurance for only ten dollars?! I'll take it!

Who should I put down as your beneficiary?

My beneficiary? Gee, I don't know! I have no wife, kids, or living relatives!

Then—then why do you want this Flight Insurance?

I can't resist a bargain!



We paid a fortune for our tickets, and you'd think that would be the end of it, right?! But no! Every little thing on a plane costs you, so be careful!

If they offer you a drink, it will cost you! If they offer you earphones for the movie, or just to listen to the music, it will cost you!

Attention, all passengers! The stewardesses will now demonstrate how to put on your Life Jackets . . .

Just a minute! Before you show us, tell us how much it will cost us!



Gee, I've got this nagging feeling that I left the lights on!

Marvin! We'll only be gone two weeks! What will it cost? Pennies!

Was it in the kitchen? The basement? I'm positive I left the lights on somewhere!

Marvin, what's the difference! Electricity is cheap! How much could it cost? Almost nothing!

Oh, my gosh! You DID leave the lights on!

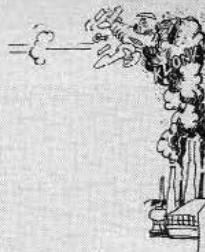
Where? Where?

In the car! THAT's gonna cost a LOT!!



TRAVEL

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

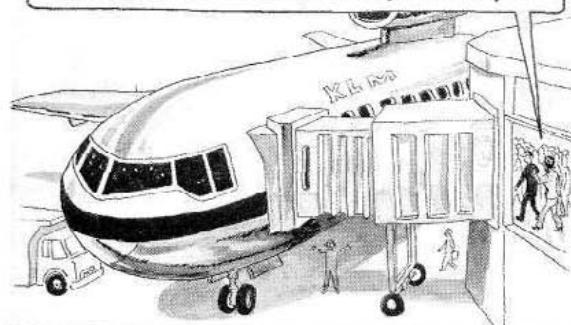


Now, listen to me, Milton! The airlines have been plagued with hijackings and bomb threats, and they have no sense of humor about the subject! So, knowing you and your sick jokes, I'm warning you! It's a serious business! Don't make any funnies about it, or they'll arrest you on the spot!

Okay! Okay! So stop bugging me already! I'll just sit quietly and watch the movie!

What's the movie . . . ?
"The Omega Man"!
Oh, not THAT bomb!

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!!



Yes, Ma'am!
You rang?
What can I
do for you?

I don't want to see
you, Stewardess!
I want to see the
Captain . . . and right
now before take-off!

I'm the
Purser,
Madam!
May I
help
you . . . ?

If I wanted to see
the Purser, I'd ask
to see the Purser!
I want to see the
Captain! You hear?
ONLY the Captain!

I'm the Captain,
Madam! Is there
something you want?

There
sure
is!

I want you to be
a good boy and
DRIVE CAREFULLY!



Will you look at all these
teenagers flying to Europe!

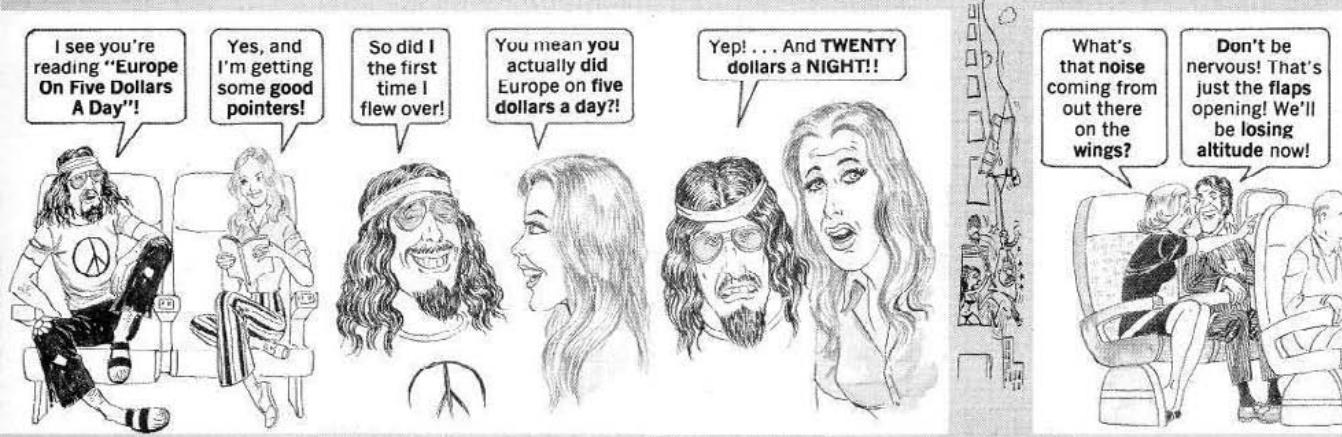
How could
that be?

Simple! The airlines
offer them special fares
at cut-rate prices!

They do?
That's so
stupid!

Kids today have more
money than anybody!!







So you finally got here! I told you guys to pack light! I told you to get a compact one-suiter like I did, take it on the plane with you, slip it under your seat, and take it off when you land!

While you guys were going down to "Luggage Pick-Up," and waiting for your bags to come off the plane and onto the conveyor belts, I was on my way to the hotel!

I've already checked in, gone to my room, unpacked my one suit from my one-suiter, changed ...

... and here I am—**FRESH AS A DAISY!**

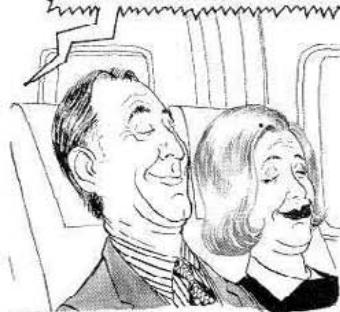


This is your Captain! Welcome aboard Shuttle Flight 720! Our flying time to Washington, D.C. will be thirty-eight minutes!

Imagine! Only thirty-eight minutes to Washington, D.C.! That's one of the miracles of progress! It used to take over **TWO HOURS** by train!

However, due to the heavy peak hour traffic, there are several flights stacked up over Washington ahead of us, and there will be a slight delay in landing!

Say ... about an hour-and-a-half!

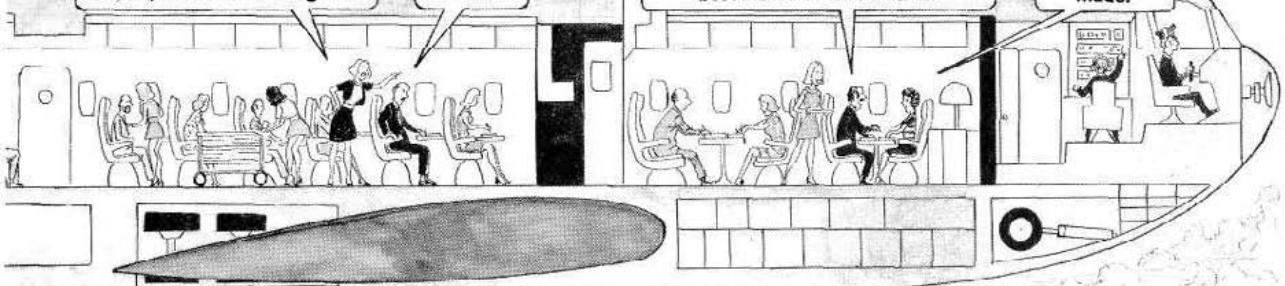


I just got back from pecking through the curtain up front! They're getting free Champagne, caviar, wine and filet mignon!

Those guys in First Class have it made!

What idiots we are! For \$150 more, we get one fancy meal! That same money could buy us **SIX** fantastic meals in the best restaurants in Madrid!

Yeah! Those guys in Coach have it made!



Well, here we are in Paris! Now, remember! Everything is figured right to the penny!

\$350 for the hotel!

\$250 for lunches and dinners!

\$150 for taxis, sightseeing tours and incidentals! And **THAT'S IT!!**

You forgot about the other \$500!

WHAT \$500??!

The \$500 for a new wardrobe!

OUR LUGGAGE IS MISSING!!





Nowadays, most magazines are not only struggling for advertising and circulation, but for survival. There is, however, one notable exception. It's a zingy "Woman's Magazine" called **COSMOPOLITAN**. If you want to know *why* this particular magazine is reaching new heights while others are floundering, it's because a typical issue looks something like this . . .

COSMOPOLITAN

Cook Him A Chinese Meal
He'll Never Forget.
(Do It In The Nudel!)

Fifteen Clever Things
To Say To Your Lover
On A Water Bed

Thirty New Kooky
Zany Ways To Cheat
On Your Husband

How To Have
A Swinging
Menopause

Cosmo's Guide To
Forty Discount
Abortionists

101 New
Erogenous Zones
(All Above
The Neck)

How To
Seduce
A Midget

ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION
How To Avoid Getting Emotionally
Involved With The Syringe



Yes, there's no doubt about it. **COSMOPOLITAN** has become the "Female" **PLAYBOY**. Under Helen Gurley Brown, the magazine has gone to ridiculous lengths to be sexy, sensuous and titillating to its young woman audience. And it's worked! Circulation has zoomed and the advertising dollars are pouring in. Which is why we at **MAD** can predict that it won't be long before other types of publications will attempt to cash in on this success-formula by featuring articles with racy, suggestive titles. Here, then, is what we might see . . .

IF OTHER MAGAZINES COPIED COSMOPOLITAN'S "SEX" FORMULA

Better Homes and Gardens

**HAVE YOURSELF A
COLOR ORGY:**
20 Wild Things You Can
Do With A Roller And A
Can Of Kem-Tone!

*How To Decorate An
18th Century Bedroom
For 20th Century Love*

**WHAT TO DO
IF YOUR LOVER
CLASHES WITH
THE RUG**

**CARRARA MARBLE
FLOORS:**
Are They Too Cold To
Have An Affair On?

Do You Really Have To Take
The Pill If You're Working
With An Interior Decorator?

**10 EXCITING NEW DRAPES
FOR HIM TO HIDE BEHIND
WHEN YOUR HUSBAND COMES
HOME UNEXPECTEDLY!**



THE INDIANAPOLIS 500:

"How I Had An Affair With All Of Them"

MOTOR TREND

**A LONG ISLAND
HOUSEWIFE
CONFESSES:**

"I Rotate My Husbands
More Than My Tires"

• • •

**EXCITING NEW
GIMMICK TO
SHOW HIM
THAT YOU'RE A
"FAST GIRL":**

Paint A Racing Stripe
Down The Center
Of Your Back

• • •

**NICE GIRL'S
DILEMMA:**

Should You Let Him
Strip Your Gears
On The First Date?

**SHORT
STORY**
"PROMISCUITY
IN THE PITSTOP"

**Exclusive
Blueprints**
NOW—IT'S POSSIBLE
TO MAKE LOVE IN
THE BACK SEAT OF
A CUSTOMIZED,
TURBO-CHARGED
SOUPED-UP
KAISER-FRAZER



Field & Stream

12
EXCITING NEW
WAYS TO MAKE
LOVE IN A
LOUISIANA
DUCK BLIND

(3 Of Them Without
Drowning!)

"I Trapped A Grizzly
Bear In My North
Woods Cabin—But
He Was Impotent!"

TEASING HIM ON
THE TRAIL:
When That Campfire
Dies Down, Try
Burning Your Bra!

"I SURVIVED WITHOUT
A SCRATCH WHILE LION-
HUNTING IN AFRICA . . .
BUT I WAS MAULED TO
DEATH WHILE HUSBAND-
HUNTING IN THE
CATSKILLS!"

"Be Gentle, It's My
First Time!"
The Sensuous Story Of
A Young Career Girl
And A Montana Moose

HOW TO TELL
WHEN THE
AFFAIR IS OVER:
When He Catches A
Swordfish . . . And
Asks YOU To Take
The First Bite!



Sports Illustrated

10
SECRET RECIPES
TO MAKE YOUR
BALLPLAYER
MORE ROMANTIC

★★★
THE
BOSTON CELTIC
FASTBREAK:

They Score Each Time
. . . But Is There
Adequate Foreplay?

★★★
A NEW YORK MET
WIFE'S COMPLAINT:
"How Could He Find The
Strike Zone When He
Couldn't Even Find My
Erogenous Zone?"

★★★
NEW SEX TRICK TO
ENTICE ATHLETES:
Dab Some "Gatorade"
Behind Each Ear!

★★★
SLUGGER'S WIFE
CONFESSES:
"He Lacked Home Runs
. . . Because I
Lacked Hormones!"

A REVIEW OF
"FIVE EASY PIECES"

(Not The Movie—The Radcliff
Varsity Basketball Team)



You Know You're REALLY

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY DIVORCED WHEN ...



... you're watching a football game on TV and listening to a hockey game on the radio while you're reading the Sports section ... and nobody's yelling at you.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY DIVORCED WHEN ...



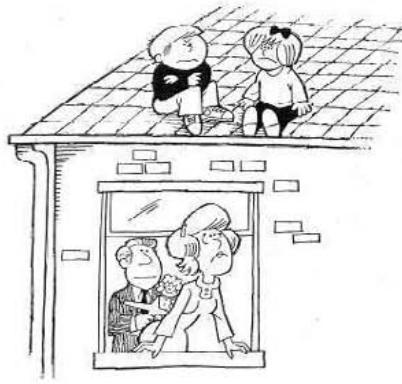
... you can spend as much time as you want with your old buddies, whom your ex-wife always referred to as a bunch of good-for-nothing idiots ... and you find out she was right.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY DIVORCED WHEN ...



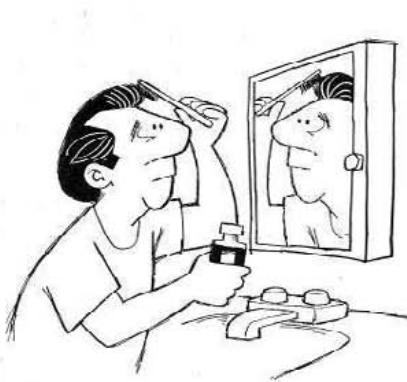
... you gather all your courage and join a computer dating service ... and they send you only one name ... your ex-husband's!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY DIVORCED WHEN ...



... you invite your new boyfriend over to meet your children ... and they won't come down from the roof.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY DIVORCED WHEN ...



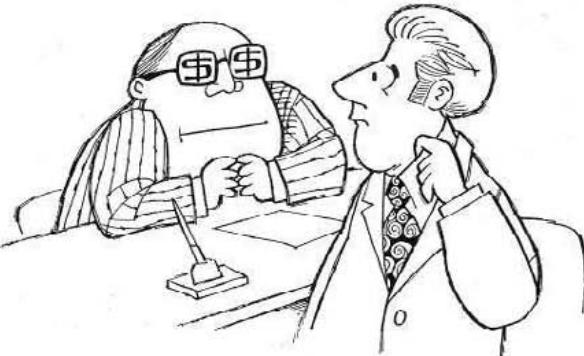
... you start touching up those gray hairs.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY DIVORCED WHEN ...



... you let your dog sleep in your bed because you discover you miss the sound of somebody snoring.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY DIVORCED WHEN ...



... your ex-wife's lawyer calls you in to discuss your alimony payments ... and you wish he were *your* lawyer.



ARTIST AND WRITER:
LLOYD GOLA

DIVORCED When...

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY
DIVORCED WHEN ...



... you're finally free to do all the things you've always wanted to do ... but now you can't afford it.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY
DIVORCED WHEN ...



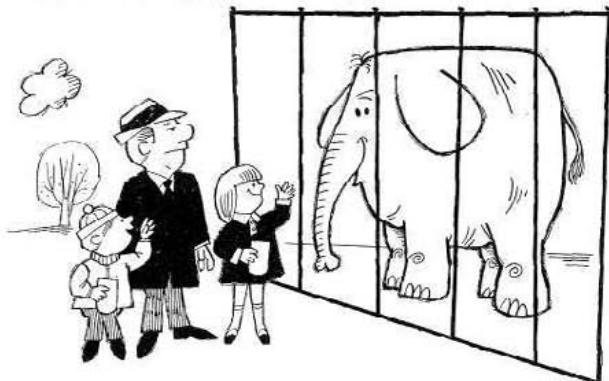
... you fix a leaky faucet all by yourself.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY
DIVORCED WHEN ...



... you miss a movie you really want to see because you can't stand to go alone.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY
DIVORCED WHEN ...



... you've run out of ideas of things to do with your kids on visitation days, and you've gone to the zoo so often you're on a first-name basis with all the animals.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY
DIVORCED WHEN ...



... you consent to let your married friends fix you up on a blind date with their dear, sweet bachelor pal ... for the first (and last) time.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY DIVORCED WHEN ...



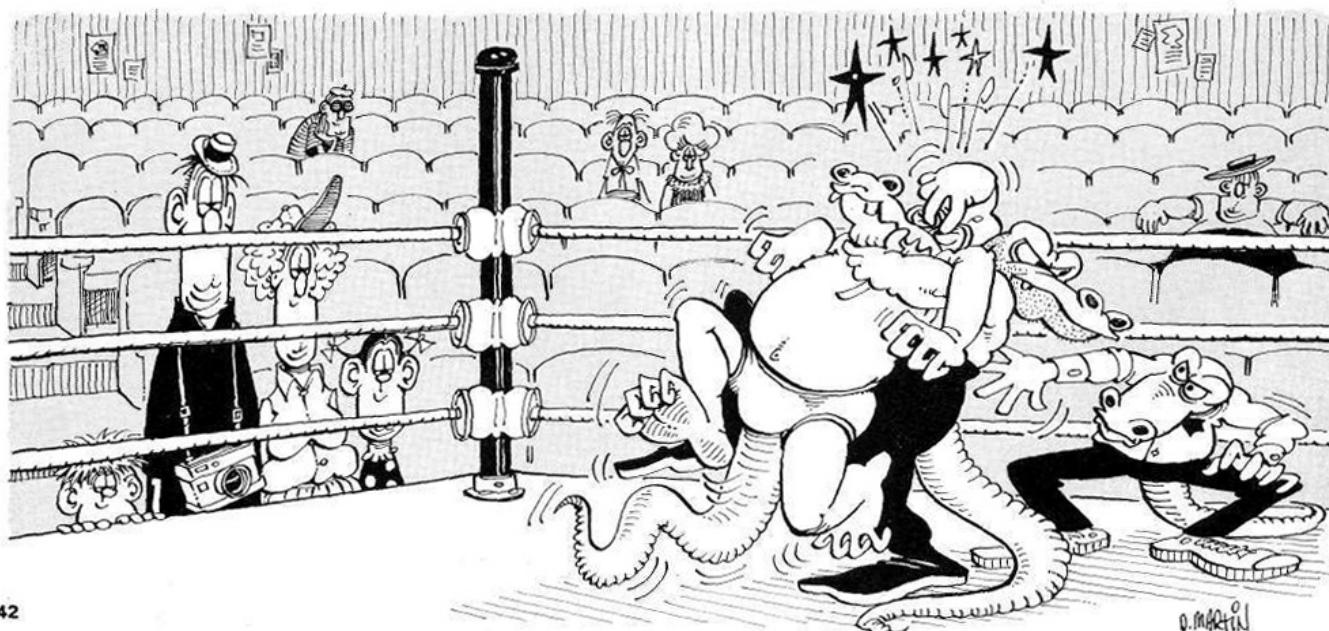
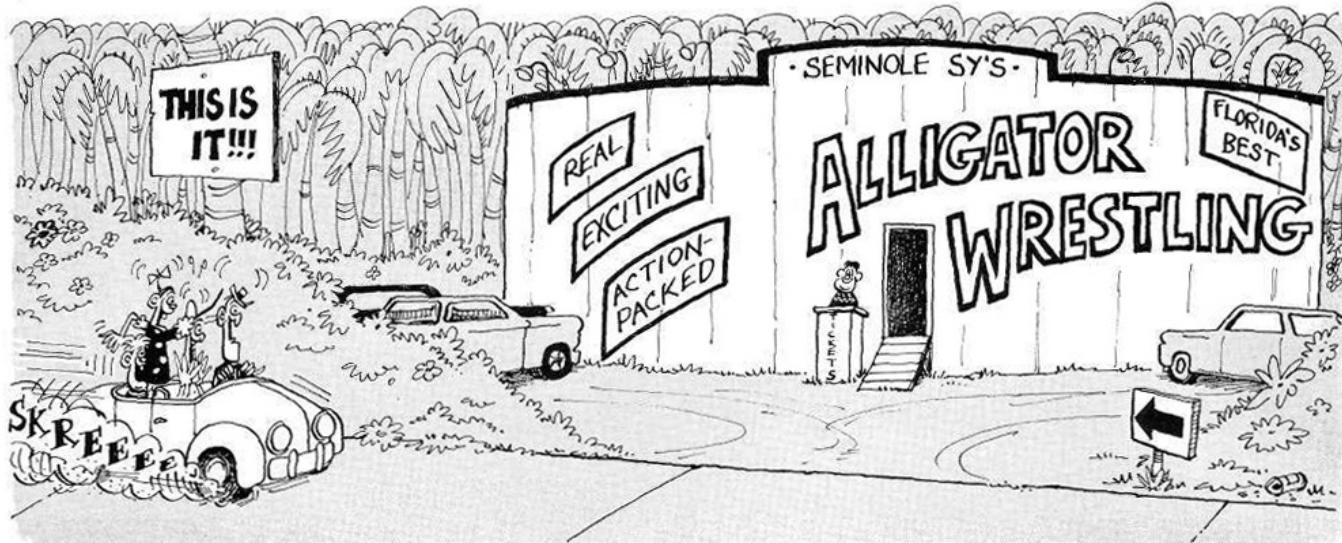
... you're propositioned on your first date as a divorcee.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY DIVORCED WHEN ...



... you date a widow.

ONE FINE DAY WHILE TOURING FLORIDA

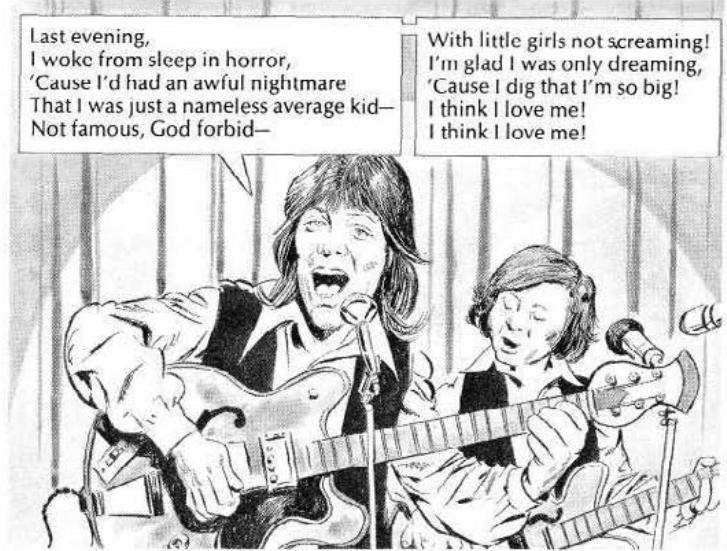
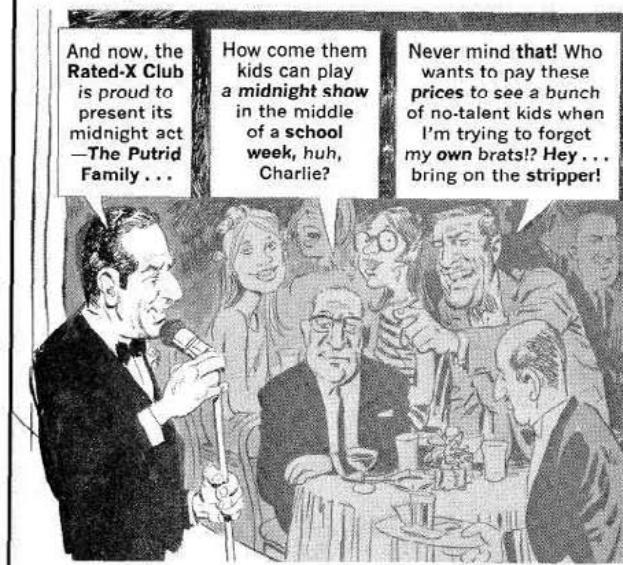


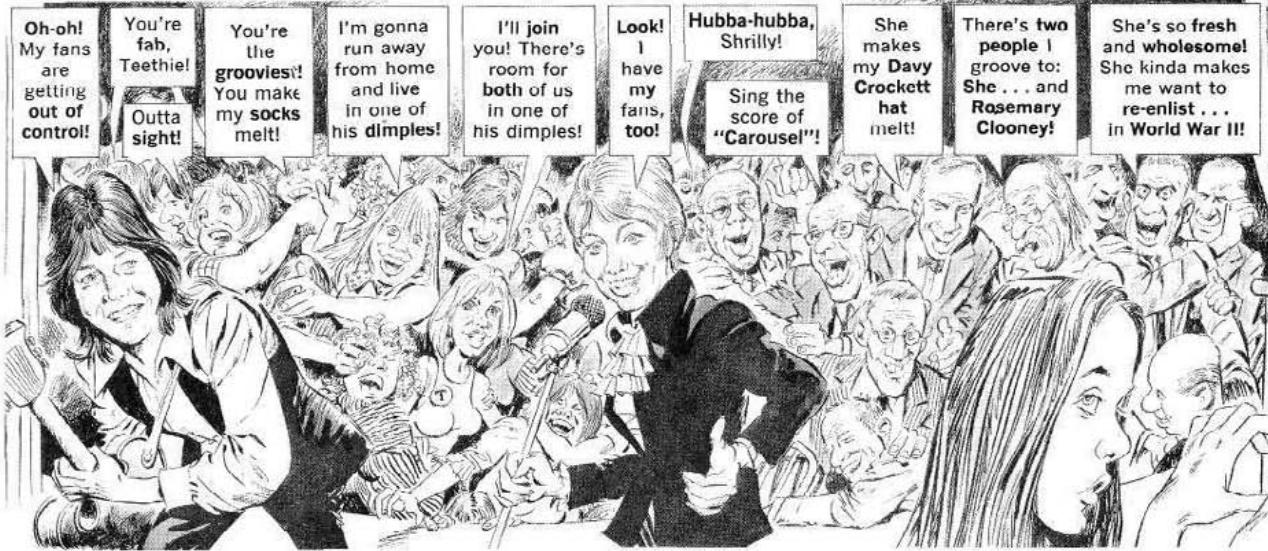
FINE FETID FRIENDS DEPT.

Every now and then, a TV Situation Comedy Series comes along that captures the hearts and imagination of the country by depicting contemporary American life as it really is! Like the comedy series about a bus . . . and the wonderfully real and believable people who depend upon it for a living. Naturally, we're talking about "The Honeymooners." However, if you want a show about a bus . . . and some unbelievably unreal kids singing off-key, try watching:

The Putrid Family







Be honest,
Boob!
Your main
concern is
your 15%
commission!

That's not true,
Shrilly! I think
of you all as my
family! I couldn't
care less about
the money!

Look!!
Hammy's
marshmallow
has caught
fire!

FIRE! FIRE!
Don't worry,
Teeth! I'll
carry you
to safety!

HIM???

Sorry, Shrilly! Teeth's records
are on the charts! I can't make
a living off the original sound
track recordings of "Oklahoma"!



Oh, the pain!
The pain . . . !

He had a terrible
accident! While he
was singing, he
threw his hair
back and got a
whiplash!

Terrific! A
major crisis
like this is
all the plot
the show
needs!

But it's not a
major crisis!
It happens to
Teeth at
least twice
a day!

Yeah! A major crisis
is something so big
it's almost unreal—
like if we hadda
go to school
like other kids!

Well, I've
got a major
crisis!
Hammy stole
my training
bra!

What
did
he
do
with
it?

He cut
holes in
it and he's
using it for
a Halloween
mask!



So kill me!
So send me to
the Arizona
Home For
The Rude!

Gosh, what a
loveable scamp!
I just adore the
cute mischief
he gets into!

Yes, he has all
of the makings
of a great
future "TV Game
Show" host!

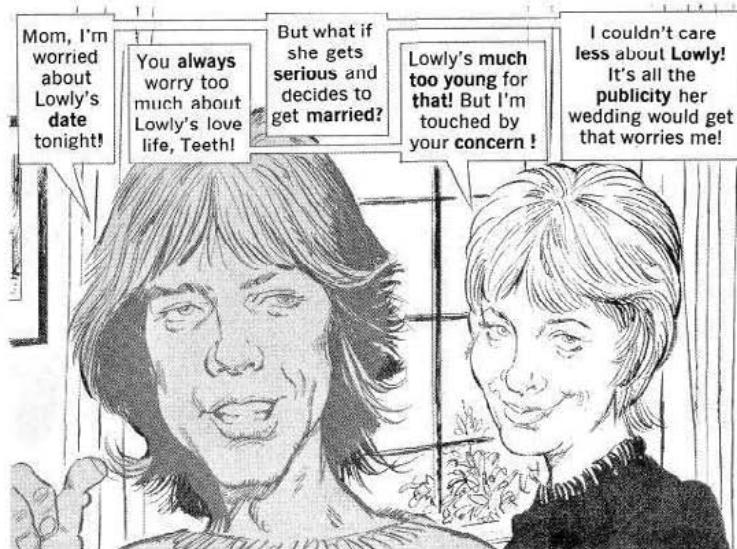
Mom, I'm
worried
about
Lowly's
date
tonight!

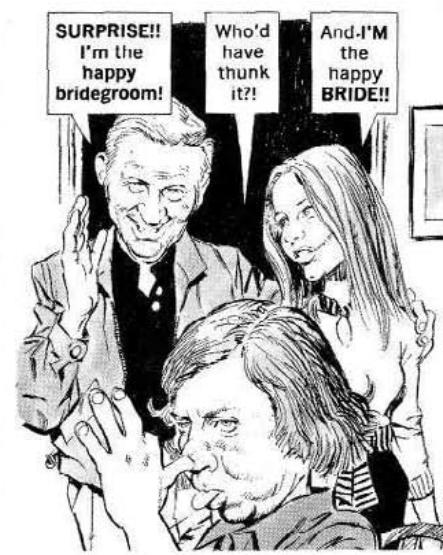
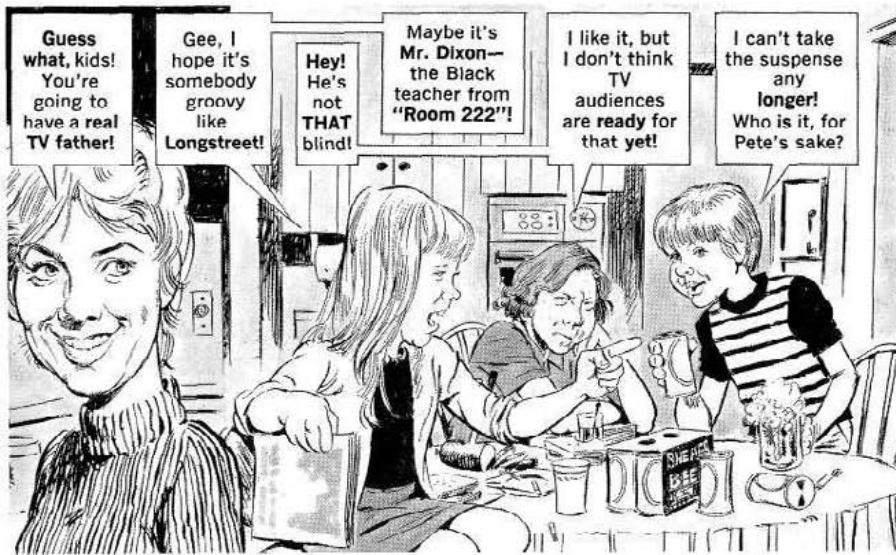
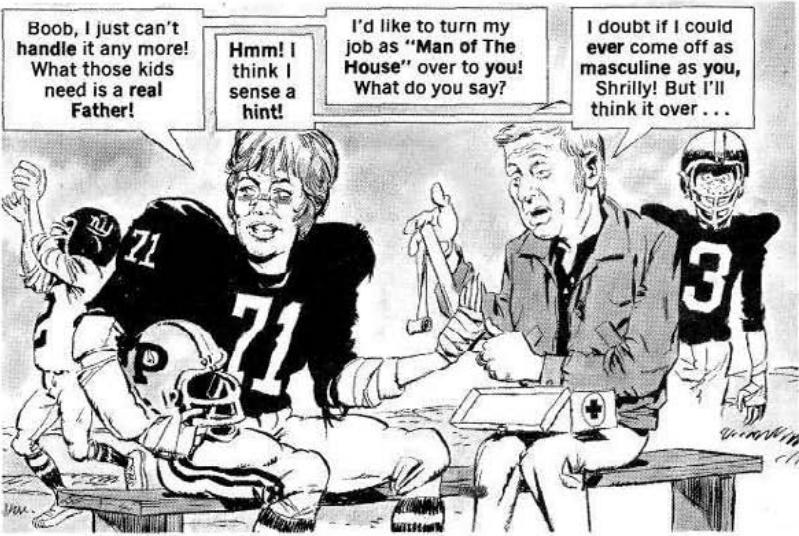
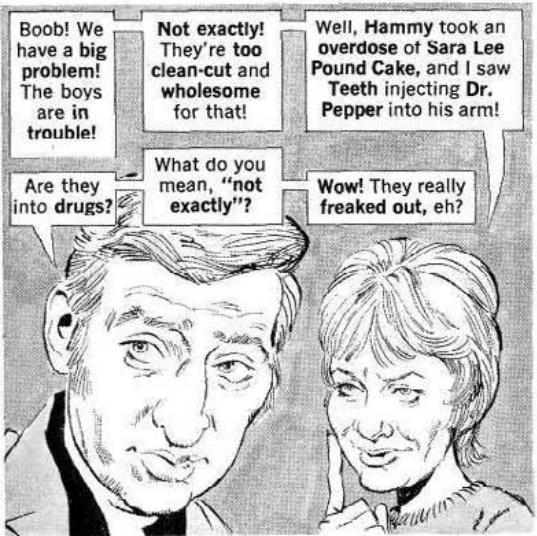
You always
worry too
much about
Lowly's love
life, Teeth!

But what if
she gets
serious and
decides to
get married?

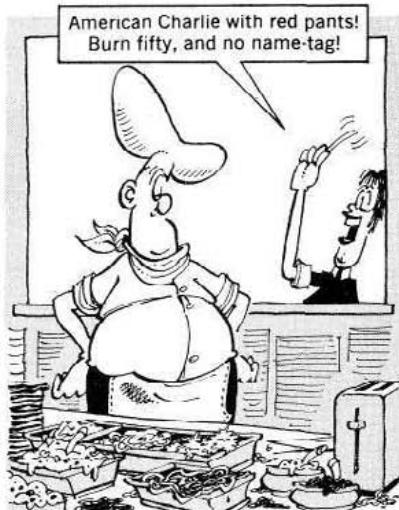
Lowly's much
too young for
that! But I'm
touched by
your concern!

I couldn't care
less about Lowly!
It's all the
publicity her
wedding would get
that worries me!





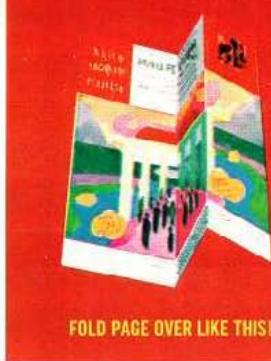
ONE BUSY DAY IN A HIGHWAY RESTAURANT



JUST WHAT IS
RICHARD NIXON
REALLY HOPING
TO FIND ON
HIS HISTORIC
TRIP TO CHINA?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS
MAD FOLD-IN

All sorts of hopes are being raised by the President's visit to Red China. But the real hope . . . Nixon's own personal dream . . . is a very special one. To find out what it is, fold in page as shown.



A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



PRESIDENT NIXON APPARENTLY HOPES, IN
GOING TO CHINA, TO CREATE A FAVORABLE MOOD
FOR PEACE. THUS, IN THIS MOMENT OF OPPORTUNE
COOPERATION, WAR CLOUDS SHOULD FLEE THE SKIES

A

B

AT THE MOVIES

